CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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CONTENTS FOR JUNE, 1911.

COVER DESIGN by FREDERIC M. GRANT

Narcissus	T. A. Daly	*Reverse Frontispiece*
Illustrating "Princess Thoroughbred"	F. M. Grant	*Frontispiece*
Princess Thoroughbred. A Story Illustrations by F. M. Grant.	William Macharg and Edwin Balmer	83
Local Color. Verse	Cy Warman	95
Book and Bell in St. Boniface Illustrated with Photographs.	W. E. Ingersoll	96
Clover-Patch Philosophy. Verse	S. Jean Walker	102
Spinal Maginnis. A Story Illustrations by A. W. Grann.	John Patrick MacKenzie	103
In Twilight. Verse	W. D. Nesbit	112
The Other Side of Government With Photographs by the Author.	Madge Macbeth	113
The Gilded Rancher. A Story Illustrated by V. L. Barnes.	Frank Giolma	120
The Scarlet Strand. A Story Illustrations by Percy Edward Anderson.	Edward B. Waterworth	128
Parting. Verse	Mary Wheelwright	139
Squinting Through Transits In the Selkirk Range. A Story	Nathan A. Bowers	140
The Pedlar's Pack	"Kit"	145
The Right Angle	The Editor	150
The Story of the Play		153
Chestnuts and Cheese		160

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NARCISSUS

BY T. A. DALY

One night while yet the wold
Lay dormant with the cold,
  I flung the casement wide
And pausing, ere I drew
The outer shutters to,
  A lovely thing espied—
A thing of precious worth,
A bit of heaven in earth—
    A star in water.
Beneath the rose-bush bare
A rain-pool glassed it. There,
  By its own beauty glamored,
It poised above the brink,
Flashed down and seemed to sink
  To darkness, self-enamored.

That vision of delight
Oft walked my dreams at night.
  Lo! now 'tis fructified!
This morning when I rose
And scanned my garden close
  What marvel I espied!
A wonder of new birth,
  A bit of heaven in earth—
    A star in blossom!
Beneath the rose-bush bare
It braves the chilly air,
  With beauty's self to bless us;
Spring's herald true! Behold,
With horn of gleaming gold,
  The heaven-born Narcissus!

"DO YOU WANT TO HELP?" SAID THE PRINCESS OZEROSI, STILL KNEELING. "IT IS NOT SO BAD NOW THAT THEY HAVE BEEN BROUGHT UP TO AIR AND LIGHT"

"To accompany Princess Thoroughbred"

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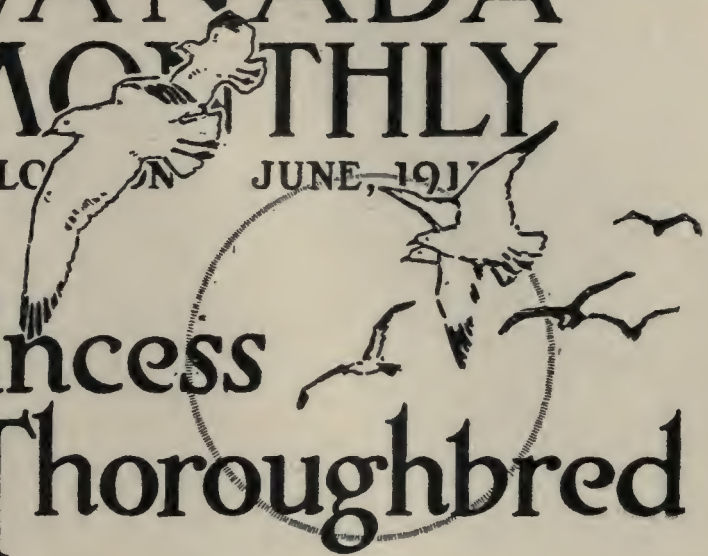


Princess Thoroughbred

by

William MacHarg
and Edwin Balmer
Co-authors of "The Achievements of Luther Trant"

Drawings by Frederic M Grant

"THE Princess Czerosi!"

"Oui—yes, Monsieur; so you know her!" The plump, sleek Egyptian Jew, seated on the edge of his berth in the six-thousand ton Mediterranean and Atlantic steamer, "Teneran," had stopped short in amazement at his tall cabin-mate's uneasy start; but now ran on volubly: "It is she that has made the matter all the harder, because it is her own maid who is at fault in it. It gets nothing to take such risks. Believe, Monsieur, it would not disturb us under other circumstances that Madame's English maid has gone down every day since she came aboard at Trieste into the steerage of the ship to hold on her lap the nasty babies of the steerage and embrace them—yes, and I have heard, cry over them; though that is in itself a thing enough disgusting. But consider, Monsieur, that in the steerage are mostly Russians and Roumelians, and that the cholera has come down through Russia to Roumelia. It is every day a threat to the passengers on the first cabin that, if there happens to be cholera in the steerage, the maid may bring it into the first cabins! If you, Monsieur, would say a word of that to Madame, the Princess!"

"I?" Truxton interrupted sharply. "Certainly not! Why should I say anything to her?"

"Because you, Monsieur Truxton, are an American, and Madame the Princess Czerosi, of Bukhar-Tirgsora, is by birth an American also—there are no other Americans in the first cabin. Not to consider that, as I have just learned, you also know her! Besides, we have done everything. We went

first to the doctor, but he is English like the maid, and drinks much. So he drank simply to the bottom of his glass, and loooking at us through the glass's bottom, said only "Bah!' We determine, therefore, to speak to Madame; and by election of the first cabins I was sent to do the speaking. I went most humbly, in order that she might not be enraged, knowing that she was not likely to trouble herself much either about us or the people of the steerage. But neither was she frightened for herself. 'Mon dieu!' she said, 'present to the first cabins my compliments, and say to them that if my maid wants to go into the steerage she shall go there—cholera or no cholera!' Such strong-headedness! It is true neither she nor the doctor believes there is cholera. But, Monsieur Truxton," he expostulated suddenly, "it does not need that you should repack all your things. It is true my luggage takes up the most of the stateroom, but I can leave to you a part—perhaps even a third!"

Ever since he had heard the name of the Princess Czerosi, the tall young American, who had finished his dressing, had been standing perplexed and indecisive; but now he was dropping his belongings back into his traveling bag, and closed it with a snap.

"It does not matter," he said decidedly. "I am going ashore at Gibraltar—we should reach there in half an hour."

"At Gibraltar!" the Egyptian cried in amazement; "but I understood Monsieur to say he was going to New York! Eh, bien!" and he showed obvious satisfaction that the narrow stateroom would be left for his sole occupancy. "But I meant not to frighten you so with talk of the cholera. Well—but I see that it is not because of the cholera; for Monsieur is not frightened," he glanced wonderingly once more about the stateroom. "It is perhaps the poor accommodations that have made Monsieur Truxton wish to leave the ship at Gibraltar. Good! But it occurs to me that that can soon be changed, since it is plain now that Monsieur knows the Princess Czerosi; for it is because she, your friend the Balkan autocrat, have usurp fifty out of the seventy first class cabins of the 'Teneran' for herself, her secretary and her two maids, that you and I, Monsieur, must be cram into the smallest, the most stuffiest, the most nearest to the engine cabin of all. Pardonne! no offense! but if Monsieur Truxton told Madame the Princess how he could get no separate cabin, she would give to him one of her fifty —eh, is it not so?" he appealed.

"It is not because of the cabin," said Truxton shortly.

The Jew's bright little eyes sparkled among their crinkles of fat with the sharpness and cunning of his race. "Is it then—pardonne, once more that I ask it—but is it then, perhaps, merely because Monsieur Truxton knows already the Princess Czerosi that he intends to leave the ship at Gibraltar? Madame has perhaps made their acquaintance not too pleasant, since Monsieur will not speak to her neither about her maid nor about a cabin for himself—or——. But now I see that I must ask pardon truly. Consider it unsaid, Monsieur Truxton!"

The tall young American, having forced silence on his loquacious cabin-mate by a look, went out, bag in hand, and closed the door of the stateroom behind him. He heard it open and close again, as the Jew followed him forward to the smoking room. Truxton passed quickly through and went out on deck, where he leaned on the rail, watching the Rock, which they were approaching.

Even now, since it would be some time before quarantine inspection could be passed and passengers landed, he saw that it might be impossible to avoid meeting her; and he wondered what that meeting would be—after all these years. At the thought he moved still further forward, more out of her way, and in doing so rejoined his Egyptian cabin-mate.

Circling three sides of the great fortress rock, the "Teneran" came to a stop, for the last time before clearing the turquoise Mediterranean for the gray-green Atlantic, opposite the town, flying the yellow flag for inspection and permission to come closer. The

little gray launch of the English quarantine officers, also flying its yellow flag, put off toward them. The Egyptian, following each move with voluble comment, stopped suddenly with a catch in his breath in the middle of what he was saying; the American looked up quickly and—it had happened; Truxton was face to face with a woman—a young woman whose long, dark eyelashes lifted listlessly as he looked at her, whose deep, confident eyes opened wide and rested on his, giving no sign for the least fraction of an instant that she had felt his stare; then suddenly she paled ever so slightly, and almost gasped.

"It—is Mr. Truxton?" she recognized him.

"Yes; I am glad to see you again," he answered, the pulse beating in his flushed cheek.

"I did not know that you were on board."

"I had wired Gibraltar for accommodations," he said hurriedly, in his embarrassment. "I was on my friend Dunwood's yacht. We picked up the lights of the 'Teneran' last evening, and I came aboard in the night. It was only a matter of a few hours, you know—I had reserved accommodation from Gibraltar."

"But—accommodations?" she halted; and he recalled that with autocratic distaste for the presence of other passengers she had reserved at Trieste all available accommodations for herself—fifty out of the seventy-five first classes of the "Teneran," the Jew had said; then she smiled, and he revolted at the knowledge that she was going to offer him a favor. "If you need a cabin, Mr. Truxton—"

"Thank you; but I am very well fixed," he interrupted harshly and mendaciously.

"You are going ashore for the half day at the Rock—with the rest?" she glanced at the "Teneran's" scanty complement of first cabin passengers—Armenians, Turks, Syrians, all strangely ostentatious men of the Mediterranean—who had gathered along the rail waiting the chance to disembark; then, as her eye caught the bag at his feet, she added more quickly: "But not to leave the 'Teneran' for good; you said you had reserved accommodations from Gibraltar!"

"I find it necessary to wait over a boat here," he had collected himself. "I shall not be able to make the crossing in the 'Teneran' as I had expected."

"Ah!" She searched his eyes an instant with a strangely insistent questioning; so that he wondered whether she understood that it was because he had learned she was on the "Teneran" he was going ashore. And while he still doubted, she bowed with sudden stateliness and passed on.

"It would seem," the Egyptian, still at Truxton's elbow, breathed oilily and insinuatingly, "that Monsieur Truxton has known Madame for a long time!"

"Yes," the young American explained unwillingly, as he turned to watch the officers coming up the gangway from the quarantine launch, "I knew her several years ago as Constance Sherrard of Pittsburg."

"Eh, yes, Monsieur!" the plump Egyptian chuckled, for no apparent reason; "before monsieur her Pittsburg papa bought marriage for her with the Prince Czerosi—who is now, how do you say, most generously dead! Twelve months ago he die. I myself saw once in a café in Paris Madame's papa—the Pittsburg riche! He ate as if—how do you say?—he was gobbling up his rivals, the coal and iron companies of America—exactement! Ho, ho! But she is most perfect—and delightful, though a nuisance on the 'Teneran.' I wonder, now, if she have yet the jewel her papa gave her at her marriage—seventy thousand pound, it is said, or in francs a million and three quarters—you do not know if she has it, Monsieur Truxton?"

"I consider it very much neither my—nor your—business," Truxton almost absently tried to stem the other's silly gossip, but the Egyptian, who by cosmopolitan contact was three parts French, pressed the subject gustfully.

"Bien! It is likely that did not escape the clutch of her husband the Prince. He led the wise life—very short, Monsieur, that is true, but merry! Pardonne—you have heard

of the incident on the Bois de Boulogne—eh? Mlle. Olympe de Banniere, of the Folies Bergere—how Mlle. Olympe, in stepping from her motor car, broke—how do you say—inadvertently the string of pearls about her neck. Her escort would have stoop to pick them up; but no, Mlle. Olympe say rather it is easier to ask the Prince Czerosi for another necklace. This happen one month only before the Prince Czerosi's death; and Madame the Princess receive afterward the bill for the new necklace and is oblige to pay it. Ho, ho!—delightful!" The Egyptian's fat shoulders shook with salacious merriment.

"Now stop!" Truxton swung suddenly to face his sleek companion with quick warning. "Little and fat as you are, you are on the road to get yourself into serious trouble!"

"Ah! no offense," the Egyptian, with quick uneasiness backed water gracefully. "Monsieur Truxton, as the friend of Madame, is already acquainted no doubt with all I could tell him. The particulars have been in the papers of five continents." He was gathering courage again, and his voice squeaked derisively. "Comprenez-vous! To speak of the Princess Czerosi is not the same as to speak of another woman! But look, Monsieur—what is that?" he broke off; then clamored anxiously: "Quarantine? We are quarantined, Monsieur Truxton?"

"Looks like it, doesn't it?" the American answered blankly, watching the English quarantine officers now descend the gangway to their launch. "The doctors are going, sure enough; and the yellow flag," he turned and glanced at the saffron square above, "certainly seems still flying."

The American dropped the bag he had taken in his hand, glanced swiftly astern along the rail of the ship where the entire first cabin company were still in line, and scowled ruefully. The Egyptian, his surprise giving way to terror, as the launch with the yellow quarantine flag steamed away again, watched silently a moment more till the ship's doctor and second officer, who had accompanied the English to the gangway, climbed up again and the gangway itself was lifted.

"So we have sickness—contagious sickness aboard?'" the Jew appealed palely to Truxton again. "We are quarantine! We have sickness aboard! The cholera!"

"No; it seems to be only because the 'Teneran' has stopped at ports where the cholera is—as yet a scare," the American listened carefully, as the ship's doctor and second officer came toward them in conversation. "That is it, is it not, doctor?" he checked the cockney surgeon by a hand upon his arm.

"What? H'oh, yes, Mr. Truxton; there is no sickness. They 'ave quarantined against us for precaution's sake," the doctor answered loudly, with an eye upon the groups of passengers. "We must go on to New York; before we reach there it will be plain enough that we 'ave no cholera. No chance for a funeral this trip—yours or mine—plop of a 'eavy canvas in the sea; 'e was a good doctor—pity 'e drank so much!" The Cockney's pale eyes twinkled as he watched the white-cheeked Egyptian. "We 'ave nothing but a few sore throats among the children of the steerage. But it'll be rough weather outside."

"And I cannot go ashore?" Truxton asked impatiently.

"Nobody can go ashore, Mr. Truxton."

"Eh, bien!" the Egyptian whispered softly. "Perhaps now Monsieur will see how necessary it is to speak to Madame that her maid goes no more into the steerage—since even the health officers recognize danger."

"I'll think of it," Truxton answered tersely.

With the realization that for two weeks at least he was a prisoner on the slow-going "Teneran" with the Princess Czerosi, the young American hurled his traveling bag savagely back into the stuffy stateroom among the piled and assorted luggage of his Jewish companion.

* * * * * * * * *

The gale which the doctor had foreseen was beating upon the sturdy

"Teneran." Gray waves, rolling turbulently from horizon to horizon, broke every few moments over the bow and sent—as they had been sending now for three days—a half foot of green water sluicing over the closed hatches of the steerage deck and spurting out at the scuppers. In the most sheltered spot of the promenade deck, behind the storm canvas stretched along the rail, the Princess Czerosi had established herself, in a huge robe of Russian sable which enveloped and half hid her and her steamer chair, to watch the red sunset. But her long dark eyelashes, which had fluttered listlessly at first, opened wider, almost eagerly, as she saw Truxton come out on to the deck. During all the three days since they had left Gibraltar he had constantly avoided her. Her white hand crept out from the furs and imperceptibly motioned the English maid to vacate the seat beside her, as though to trap him into stopping for an instant. But now he came directly to her and dropped into the chair.

"I am a sort of ambassador," he said quietly.

"From whom, Mr. Truxton?" The Princess Czerosi's eyes met his with mild curiosity.

"From the passengers in the first cabins," he answered steadily. "It appears there was reason for our being quarantined at Gibraltar."

"Not——?" The Princess Czerosi faced him in alarm.

"No, no; not cholera!" he reassured her. "But the sore throats of the babies in the steerage. The ship's doctor was certain it was only sore throat; the quarantine officers thought there was a chance it might be diphtheria, and one or two cases of diphtheria have developed. One died last night, the doctor tells me, and was buried quietly this morning before daybreak—a baby!"

Involuntarily he turned to the English maid, who seemed not to have heard what he was saying. The maid, shrinking catlike from the spray which invaded even this sheltered corner of the promenade deck, had seized the chance to draw back close against the cabin wall, her rather clever face puckered and the skirt of her brown dress wrapped close about her ankles. The Princess Czerosi followed Truxton's look with the flicker of a caustic smile.

"You hear, Latimer?" she said to the maid, "a baby died last night of diphtheria in the steerage!"

"Yes, Madame."

"Of course," Truxton went on rapidly as he approached the object of his mission, "the known cases have been segregated; but there is always chance for infection. The first cabin passengers feel that there is great risk in anyone," he glanced again toward the maid, and explained more directly, "in your maid's going from the first cabin into the steerage as she has been doing, because she might easily bring the infection back to the first cabin; and I have promised to ask you not to let her go down there again."

The Princess Czerosi met his look with level eyes.

"You see, Latimer," she turned on her elbow in the chair to face the maid again with the same half caustic, half curious smile, "they do not want you to go down into the steerage any more."

"Yes, Madame."

"I don't know what there has been in Latimer's life to give the babies of the steerage an interest for her," she went on, with the same mild curiosity, "but she will promise Mr. Truxton not to go down there again—even though the doctor should again permit it because of her nationality."

"Yes, Madame!" and the maid, at her gesture of dismissal, loosened the skirts about her ankles and scuttled toward the cabin, while Truxton perplexedly followed her with his eyes.

"So, Mr. Truxton," the Princess Czerosi snuggled back into her furs, "after carefully avoiding me for three days, you come to me at last only because you were sent? And—it is how long since you saw me last? Four years?"

"About that," he answered, absent and embarrassed.

She was silent and her attention seemed to wander.

"It looks like smoke," she motioned toward the murky sunset. "Mon dieu!

It seems like a joke in a funny paper that it should make me think of home; but—I shall be glad to see again my own smoky city. But these four years—what have you been doing in them?"

"Nothing much," he replied vaguely.

"Ah! on the contrary, very much, I think," she said quickly. "You have been going into places in the world of which white men know little, and have been writing about them. I have read, I think, all you have written. But I did not mean that—I meant, what have the four years done for you?"

"Oh," he smiled somewhat cynically as he met the steady challenge of her eyes. "I have schooled myself in them not to keep on wanting what I now see would have been bad for me—though I did want it very much, four years ago," he added, as he realized the attraction her physical perfection still had for him.

"Like the puppy that ate the soap!" She laughed like a chime of silver bells. "But no, I get it wrong. It was a big dog, who had been protected from soap until his teeth got strong, and when at last he found it he ate a great deal of it and it was bad—it made him a great deal sicker than if he had tasted it as a puppy. No matter; I think you have been lucky. I have eaten my soap because I learned no better when I was a puppy. But, at least," she added, more to herself than to him, "when I had got my mouth full of soap I had the courage to eat it smiling, so that no one guessed!"

He stared at her in astonishment, wondering whether she was speaking of that very soapy proposition, the Prince Czerosi.

"But," she said audaciously, "you have thought of me sometimes?"

"It was impossible not to know of you," he said, with increasing embarrassment. "The papers—you were in Paris, in Vienna, in Berlin; you had returned to the estates of your husband in Roumelia—only a month ago I saw your picture published."

"Did you think I looked as I used to?" she asked with a woman's eagerness.

"Exactly. I would have liked it better if you had been more altered," he replied with sudden bitterness.

"Will you explain yourself?" She turned to him in surprise.

He hesitated; but her challenge drove him on. "I saw just now," he said tensely, and growing paler, "that, whatever it meant to your maid, the death of the baby in the steerage to you was—nothing! I could not have understood that unless I had seen your picture. I was not able to understand—once—why the lives of the men, women and children who toiled in her father's mines meant nothing to Constance Sherrard, though she had every chance to know about them; and for the same reason I could not understand why the peasants struggling for black bread on the estates of her husband were nothing to her—all those coarser bodies that were being sacrificed day by day in order that she might be, and remain, the perfect creature that she was—until—I looked at your picture, and saw that these four years—the unfaithfulness of your husband, Mlle. Olympe of the Folies, and the many others, the Prince's duel with Dr. Rasmussen in Berlin—all these things—have not dimmed Constance Sherrard's bright eyes one particle, or changed the perfect bow-shape of her mouth!"

Her cheeks blazed with defiance.

"That is the second time, Mr. Truxton," she said, controlling herself as she hid her clenched hands among the furs, "that you have taken it upon yourself to insult me. First, when I found that you were aboard and you took pains to prevent me from offering you the common civility of a better cabin, without making any explanation of your reason. But you have made it quite plain now—quite plain that you think I am selfish, self-centered and unwomanly. Not even our having been childhood friends can excuse you. You will understand that if"—she caught her breath—"that when we speak to one another after this it must be only on the most conventional subjects!"

He bowed, pale as death, and left her. * * * * * * * * *

"BUT," SHE SAID AUDACIOUSLY, "YOU HAVE THOUGHT OF ME SOMETIMES"

Six days out of Gibraltar, Truxton awoke in the gray of the morning to find his Jewish cabin-mate cowering on the floor of the cabin, as he struggled into his clothes, while indistinct cries and muffled sounds of struggle came to them from the forepart of the ship.

The questioning bewilderment of his companion's face showed plainly that the Egyptian knew as little as Truxton the reason for the disturbance, and without wasting time in inquiries the American leaped from his berth and hurried on his clothes. He pushed open the door of the stateroom, closely followed by the Jew, and passing through the forward cabin, whose emptiness showed that the noise had not yet aroused the other passengers in their cabins further aft, he gained the deck.

A dash of spray half drenched him as he squeezed past the canvas shield which protected the end of the long promenade deck that ran forward to within fifty feet of the bow; so as Truxton grasped the rail at the end of the first cabin deck, he looked down directly upon the forward steerage deck below, extending to the "Teneran's" stem. Ordinarily during such a gale as that which was now sending the waves high over the bow and on to the steerage deck, that space would have been clear except for the foremast and its tackle, and the windlasses and tarpaulin-covered hoisting machinery for loading the forward hold; but now, in the wave-washed space, a fierce struggle was going forward.

One of the hatches had been forced open from below, and through it a crowd of men and women from the steerage were pushing and fighting their way out on to the watery deck, in spite of the efforts and blows of the few members of the crew who had been first to reach the spot. Already a hundred, perhaps a hundred and fifty human figures were clinging upon that wave-washed space, wedging themselves between windlasses and holding to the hatches so that the sweeping waters could not carry them away. And half, or over half—if one counted the babies bound to the women's bodies under their shawls—were women and children whom the men were helping hold to the driest and best protected places. But as more and more forced their way up in spite of the attempts of the sailors to replace the hatch, these drier and best protected places all were occupied. The last comers sustained themselves with difficulty against the sea, or clung waist deep in water against the bulwarks. Then, even as Truxton looked, one man of those who had come up last through the hatchway lost his footing; the green water seized him and drove him, rolling, to the rail. He staggered to his feet only just as the next wave caught him; it whirled him around, lifted him bodily over the bulwark, and hurled him into the sea.

The sight decided Truxton. The shrill cry of horror from the clinging groups which marked the man's disappearance had not died away, when the American had swung himself over the rail, dropped ankle-deep into the water on the deck below, and lent his weight to aid the crew in forcing down the hatch. He held it with them until it had been fastened and battened down; then rose staring to meet the white face of the ship's doctor.

"What—what is it?" demanded the American.

"It is the diphtheria, Mr. Truxton!" The doctor's voice crackled harshly above the noise of wind and water. "Black diphtheria! 'Fore Gawd, Mr. Truxton, at Gibraltar I thought it was honly sore throat, but even then they must 'ave been rotten with it. Now there are a 'undred down—two 'undred—I don't know 'ow many! It 'as spread and spread, till it is 'ell there below, and these 'ave broken up in panic to escape it!"

The horror of the thing fell upon Truxton, keener, more chilling by far than the sudden disappearance of the man who had been washed overboard. Drenched and shivering, he climbed back to his own deck, followed by the doctor. As they stood, watching the boat that had been lowered to search for the lost man pitching like a chip on the huge gray waves, the doctor continued his explanation.

"We're crowded down below, Mr. Truxton—eight 'undred; we usually carry under seven. This sore throat—the children 'ad it at first and the women 'elped one another. So it spread. Ever since leaving Gibraltar the 'atches 'ave 'ad to be kept closed because of the storm; the well ones 'ave 'ad to breathe the same air as the sick. We've fought it; but my medicines 'ave 'ad no avail—hexceptional malignancy; it attacks men and women now the same as children. Fifteen died last night and were buried before sunrise; it'll be twenty or thirty to-night! Hand you saw, they are in panic. We've kept it quiet from the first cabin passengers—which, of course, was easier, 'aving so few and no one among them needing the doctor; you 'aven't seen me around the first cabin these last few days, and that's the reason. But now it cannot be kept quiet any longer; hanyone must know who goes forward and looks down at the steerage deck. They'll be fair frightened out of their lives, these men of the Mediterranean, when they 'ear and see it!"

Truxton watched until, at the end of an hour, the boat returned with its soaked, chilled crew, and was hoisted aboard again after its vain search. Then he hastened to his cabin to change his clothes. Others of the "Teneran's" short list of first cabin passengers had come out of their staterooms when he emerged. His Egyptian cabin-mate lifted his dark lashes in an uneasy gleam; and the others met his gaze with furtive looks, and he saw that they knew. Only the Princess Czerosi, whom he found fifteen minutes later, already ensconced for her morning on the deck, had no knowledge of what was going on; for she nodded brightly to him in greeting.

He stood an instant, staring down the length of the long, wide deck with its high, clean cabins half empty all its length, before he sat down beside her; and in that instant she seemed to recognize a change in him.

"Is something wrong, Mr. Truxton?" she asked quickly.

He hesitated almost imperceptibly. "Nothing," he lied.

"Nothing?"

"Yes; there is some trouble down in the steerage, I believe," he replied, but stopped weakly.

"Ah! In the steerage? And what is it?"

"I don't think it would interest you—I don't see how it could do so!"

"Do you mean you do not think it worth while to tell me?"

She waited to see what he would say; but he said nothing.

"Mr. Truxton," she said finally, while the blood mounted hotly to her cheeks, "'I knew a man, who, when he had done some particularly execrable thing, would go home to those who might speak of it to his wife and say, 'Do not tell Madame; it would pain her too greatly to know I am such a rascal—no; she must not know!' So no one spoke of it, and he went unpunished and was free to do some execrable thing again. But Madame, at last, learned one thing; for she got so used to seeing that look of concealment on their faces that sometimes when the maid came to her bedside in the morning with her coffee, she would ask, 'What has he done now, Waters, that I see you have been told not to speak of to me?' I lived four years with that man, Mr. Truxton, as his wife in the eyes of the world. I shall never forget that look of concealment!"

The color in her cheeks grew even more deeper, as he stared in astonishment.

"You can understand now," she went on swiftly, "that I knew this morning, when I came out of my cabin and saw the faces around me that something had happened. I saw there was something I was not to know—something which by common impulse all these men who are our fellow passengers were concealing from me But it did not trouble me. I said to myself, 'N'importe; I ought to be used to that by this time. Like all other things, it will come out in the wash when the wash is ready.' "

Suddenly her steady eyes, which had been fixed on his, fell away, and she trembled, though ever so slightly.

"I have not hidden from you, Mr. Truxton," she continued, but with less direct self-confidence, "that in the

four years since I left America I have thought of you often; and it was not merely as an old time friend of mine, but as a sort of man different from those I was then meeting. I know now as well as you do that something—possibly a very dreadful something—has happened on board the 'Teneran'; and if you do not tell me what it is, it can be only for one of two reasons. Either you despise me too much; or you are like my husband and—as I suspect from their faces those other men in the cabin are doing—you are hiding yourself in some way—as he did from the punishment due him—behind me!"

"I certainly am not hiding behind you!" Truxton leaped to his feet as though stung.

"Then tell me at once!"

"I told you a moment ago. The trouble is in the steerage."

"But you did not tell me in what way! Now—what is it?"

"I can show you, more easily than tell you," he returned—"if you dare to come!"

"Dare!" She had leaped to her feet before he could aid her, and stood holding to a stanchion, waiting for him. "Where?"

"Forward!" he replied.

In the gale she drew her fur around her, unaware of the contagion forward which it might suck up like a sponge; and equally heedless, Truxton caught her arm and steadied her forward. The blood ran into his cheeks at the touch, and went hotter as he sustained her weight when she slipped where even their deck had been splashed slippery. He moved past the canvas shield at the end of the promenade and held it for her to come through. But he protected her with his body against the steerage rail, not more from the spray than from the eyes of the soaked, stolid figures clinging below, to which he pointed.

The scene on the steerage deck had not changed since Truxton had looked down at it two hours before. The scanty crew of the "Teneran" had made no effort to drive under decks again the hundred and fifty or two hundred Austrians, Russians and Roumelians who had forced their way up. The only difference was that now a couple of the crew, armed, sulkily guarded the hatch, lest those clamoring and beating below get it open again; and two more watched to prevent those already on the steerage deck from making any attempt to gain the safety of the drier first cabin deck above.

"Since we left Gibraltar," Truxton harshly explained, as the Princess Czerosi turned toward him, puzzled, with wide eyes, bewildered at the sight, "the hatches have been kept closed because of the storm; and the diphtheria—'black' or malignant diphtheria—has spread in the steerage below. It became worse and worse till this morning those you see there broke the fastenings of the hatch and forced their way up. Those wet bundles bound under the women's shawls are babies," he went on pitilessly. "But, remember, these are the lucky ones—the ones who were able to fight their way up and stay up. A hundred—I don't know exactly how many—have the diphtheria down below where the ports cannot be opened now; where they must breathe in the same air over and over again; and those who are not sick must breathe it back from them!"

The Princess Czerosi, after her first gasp at his words, had drawn back from him, looking with tense interrogation into his impassive face. As she did so a few of those clinging in the wash below seemed to catch sight of the girl's figure; and at the sight they started. They stretched a little nearer and cried out strangely from one to another some word which seemed to rouse unexpected hope in those that heard it. Many tried to rise and crowd toward her; most dared not move from the rope or bar which they held, but turned and raised an arm toward her and cried still the strange word of notification that had aroused them.

"These who have reached the steerage deck," Truxton went on, "attempted this morning to get up here to our safe deck above. Of course they were prevented. Every one of them, sick or well, has been exposed and would bring the contagion with them. The captain could not allow one of them up here without permission of the first

cabins, who have paid for immunity and protection; and the first cabin passengers, to forestall such a thing, and hiding behind you, as you just said, have been to the captain deploring that the necessity of protecting you prevents them from offering—as they would otherwise have been willing, they say—the use of the empty first cabins by the doctor."

"Wait!" the Princess Czerosi checked him. She looked away from him, and, as though fascinated, down upon those appealing to her, and her ears heard only their words. "You stood here and saw these before, this morning?" she asked. "Did they look and call so to you?"

"No; they did not," Truxton replied.

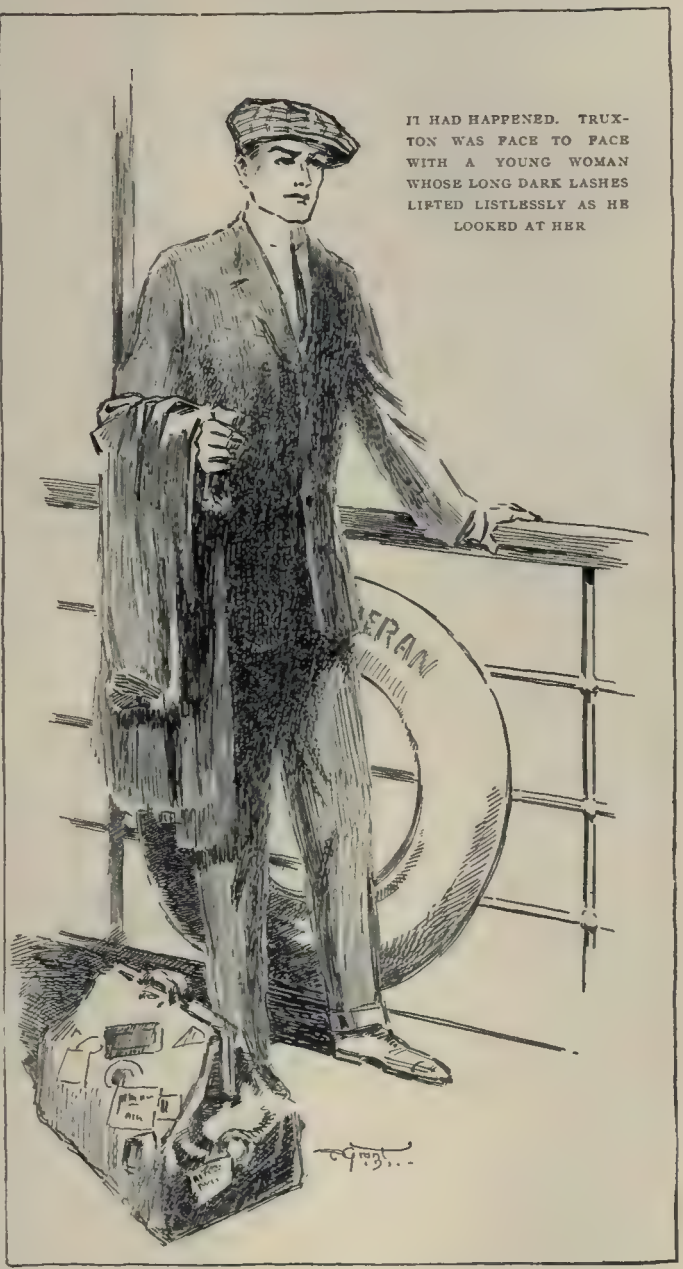
"And when the rest—the men from the first cabin, who knew and must have come and seen them, too—when they stood here——"

"I can hanswer that," another voice broke in upon them, and they saw it was the doctor. "They did not."

"Then why are they calling so to me?" the Princess Czerosi demanded eagerly, and her face was transformed. "Do they call to me so, and are they sure I will help them because—they have recognized me?"

"Because they have recognized you as a woman—yes," Truxton returned, with the same roughness. "But only as that; for the word they cry to each other, as they raise their arms to you, is—'It is she, it is she; a woman, a woman!' Don't you hear?"

"Not 'the Princess Czerosi'?" She stepped defiantly forward in clear outline before those below—red-cheeked and eager. But as they saw now for



IT HAD HAPPENED. TRUXTON WAS FACE TO FACE WITH A YOUNG WOMAN WHOSE LONG DARK LASHES LIFTED LISTLESSLY AS HE LOOKED AT HER

the first time plainly her opulent little figure clothed from head to foot in furs, suddenly there spread from one to another silence—a shudder—then terrible, hopeless words of full recognition passed from lip to lip till it shrouded all on deck.

"The Princess Czerosi! The Princess Czerosi!" they said, and sank back hopelessly. "It is the Princess Czerosi!"

The Princess Czerosi caught her breath. For a full minute she stood, pale, motionless and silent; then she turned with flashing eyes on Truxton.

"Mr. Truxton," she said bitterly, "the spirit in which you brought me here, as if—as if vivisecting me to see whether I would feel the plight of these poor people is—is as great an affront as you could offer to a woman! The doctor will take me back!"

"I am dangerous company," the doctor warned her. "I 'ave been exposed."

"I don't care!" The Princess Czerosi breathed quickly, and with pauses between the breaths like a hurt animal, as the doctor helped her back along her own deck.

* * * * * * * * *

"This shall not be!"

The voice was that of the Egyptian Jew speaking in the cabin; and Truxton, on the deck outside, pricked up his ears to listen.

"It shall not be!" The mocking voice that answered was that of the Princess Czerosi. "Mon dieu, imbecile! It is done already! And you—you shall have the cabin furthest to the back because—you are the biggest coward!"

Truxton leaped to his feet and pushed open the door of the cabin; but the Princess Czerosi was no longer there, and he saw only the furtive-eyed men of the Mediterranean.

"Monsieur Truxton, Monsieur Truxton!" the Egyptian clutched at him as he entered, "we look to you to prevent it—to you, that Madame shall bring no more of the sick swine of the steerage into the first cabins; for we have—what poor protection!" He pointed to two thicknesses of canvas that now shut off the rear of the first cabin accommodations from the cabins forward.

"Where is she?" demanded Truxton.

"She makes the nurse!"

The American brushed the canvases aside and half shuddered at the stronger smell of the antiseptics. He pushed on past thickly set cots, past the open stateroom doors where half the pillows bore already matted heads, past the fathers and mothers, stolid or sobbing, at the head of the companionway, to where he saw the brown dress of the Princess Czerosi's maid beside a cot.

"Where is Madame?" he demanded of her impatiently. "They told me she was here!"

The woman turned, and he saw that it was the Princess Czerosi; but at first this conveyed no more to him.

"Why have you done this?" he cried guiltily. "Wasn't it enough that you gave up the cabins to them? Why should you come—as they told me you had come—in here to nurse—"

"Hush!" she checked him, still kneeling; "it is not so bad, since they have been brought up here to air and light. The doctor says the malignancy of a disease like this increases or ceases almost weirdly. He thinks it will not spread much further—now. And have you not heard? We have communicated with one of the big ships of the North American route. She has a spare surgeon and serum. We should speak her in an hour or so!"

He stood dazedly staring down at her.

"Do you want to help?" said the Princess Czerosi. "You cannot go back among the others now, anyway, since you have been in here!"

He went around the father and mother who crouched at the foot of the cot, and sat down on the side opposite her; and as his eyes fell again upon the brown dress, he started with comprehension.

"Then—was it you?" he cried suddenly. "It was not your maid—it was you that was going down into the steerage?"

She nodded.

"But—secretly? Why?" he persisted. "It was not a thing to be ashamed of that you should do it se-

cretly and let yourself be misjudged by everyone—by me, like the others!"

"It is not the first time I have done such a thing," she looked up at him now, quickly. "I had done it before—in Roumelia. And—yes, secretly. Don't you understand? Wasn't it bad enough as it was—when all the world believed me no different from what my husband—was? Can't you picture to yourself the miserable contrast, if it had been known that while he was disporting himself in Paris, I, in Roumelia, was seeking solace as a tearful lady-bountiful, unhappily married and held up to the world's pity—yes, its pity! If what I have been through has taught me sympathy for all people, I could not show it! This morning, when we stood together and looked down upon the steerage deck and they appealed to me and I believed for an instant that in spite of furs and my changed gown they had recognized me as the same woman who had been among them in the steerage, I felt suddenly happy that it was so! But even they could not do that, because while my husband was alive I had made all the world believe that I was as he was, and had done what I have done secretly and among children, because"—her eyes fell suddenly from his face and she trembled—"because, in these four years, when I thought of or looked at my husband, I have never dared—to wish to have—a child of my own!"

Truxton put out his hand across the cot and took hers gently. "I am not worthy to touch you!" he said contritely.

The mother at the foot of the cot raised her head in perplexity as she caught the expression on Truxton's face.

"I thought," the woman said in a low tone to her husband, "that it was the maid of Madame the Princess—but no; she is the wife of the mister!"

The man looked also.

"Your wife," he said in broken English to Truxton, "your wife, both now and before in the steerage, has been to us an angel of mercy!"

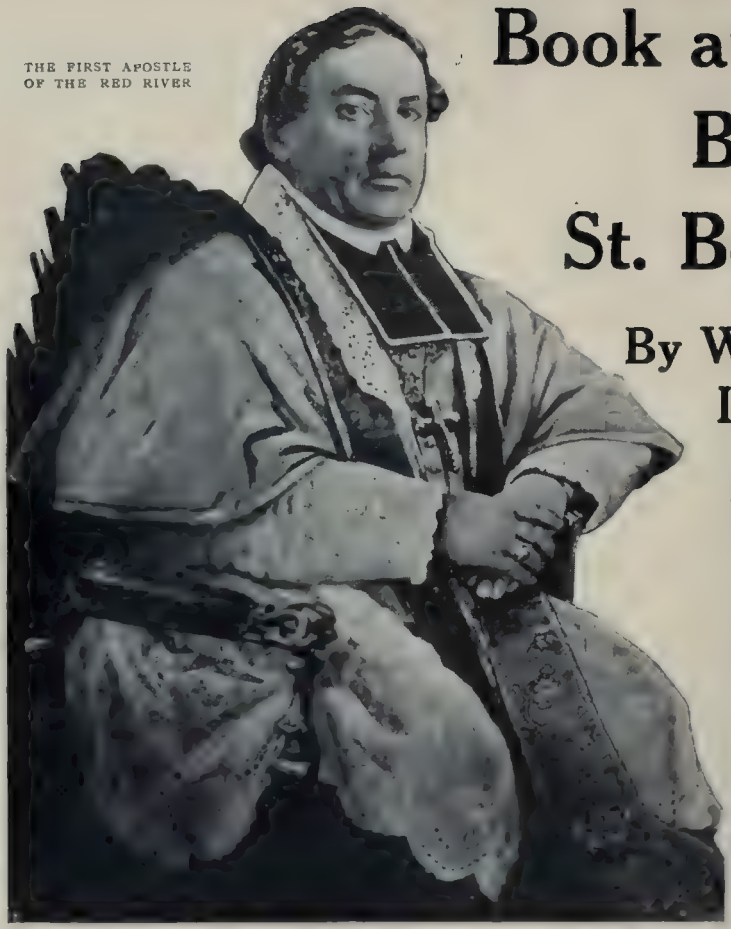
The hot blood rose to the Princess Czerosi's cheeks and temples, clear to the dark line of the hair above her forehead.

But he only held her hand the tighter, and she sighed with contentment.

LOCAL COLOR

BY CY WARMAN

First the baby's bonny eyes caught the color of the skies,
Then his tiny little toes took the color of the rose;
But he never seemed so sweet till his pudgy little feet
Ambled out across the lawn and caught the color of the street.



THE FIRST APOSTLE OF THE RED RIVER

Book and Bell in St. Boniface

By W. E. Ingersoll

Illustrated with Photographs

Is it the clang of wild-geese?
Is it the Indian's yell
That lends to the voice of the north wind
The tones of a far-off bell?

The voyageur smiles as he listens
To the sound that grows apace,
Well he knows the vesper ringing
Of the Bells of St. Boniface!

The bells of the Roman Mission
That call from their turrets twain
To the boatmen on the river,
To the hunter on the plain.

—JOHN G. WHITTIER.

NEAR Winnipeg, in Manitoba, stands an old town, picturesque as a mossy bole by a trim growing tree—the old Roman Mission of St. Boniface.

Between is the Riviere Rouge, come up by Pembina from southward, unribboned across leagues of flat land, curving placidly by St. Norbert and St. Vital, entering between Fort Garry and St. Boniface, and passing in calm flood to the northern lakes. Pleasure steamboats churn along the stream, saucy launches swirl smartly through the water, canoes dip their way across the red width of the river. From a railroad yard, on the Winnipeg side, locomotives ply hither and yon, and the smoke of their endeavor makes tarry the faces of the little old white houses. But St. Boniface sleeps, and the grass grows thick and green along her lanes, and all her hours are vespers.

The easy river-bank descends, always in the face of the sunset, to the old river of the voyageur. The gray buildings along the top of the bank half hidden in quiet verdure, have their doors and windows turned to westward, looking into Yesterday. Each street or "rue" bears a name old even forty years ago.

St. Boniface is a French place, with a German name. Eastward of the town, a creek, with more loopings than a dog-whip laid down, dawdles into

the Red River at Point Douglas. It was along this "German Creek," now called the "Seine," that Lord Selkirk's hundred German Catholic "Military Bachelors" settled in the second decade of the nineteenth century. They called their domicile St. Boniface. The name was never changed; and that is why a village settled with French Canadians has the name of the patron saint of Germany.

The town of St. Boniface was thus founded by a troop of soldiers brought to protect the struggling colony of Lord Selkirk on the Red River. There were, too, among the early settlers such wild spirits as free traders who had been servants of the Hudson's Bay and Northwest fur companies, Coureurs du Bois from northern Quebec, and half-wild Metis born in the hunting-tents of the furthest west.

He who may be called the father of St. Boniface was a Roman Catholic priest by the name of Joseph Norbert Provencher. The story of the establishment of the Roman Mission in the "De Meuron" colony is full of interest. Bishop Joseph Octave Plessis, of the Diocese of Quebec, at the instance of a letter addressed to him by Governor Miles Macdonell and a formal petition for missionaries circulated in the Red River colony in 1817 by Lord Selkirk himself, sent westward on May 19, 1818, Fathers Provencher and Dumoulin. The two priests had as their assistant a young man by the name of Guillaume Etienne Edge.

The party were armed with testimonials from Governor Sir John Cape Sherbrooke, calling upon "all persons whomsoever to whom these Presents shall come" to render the missionaries all good offices, assistance and protection." Lord Selkirk, who shepherded the mission, had endowed it "in consideration of the sum of five shillings in good and lawful money of the Province of Lower Canada," with a spacious seignory of five miles length and four miles width, at the mouth of the Seine River, on the east side of the Red, nearly opposite to the confluence of the Assiniboine."

A contemporary tells the story of the arrival at the Red River settlement of the three ecclesiastics and their party. According to his description it was mid-afternoon on the prairie. In the grounds of Fort Douglas a picturesque crowd of all complexions, heights and manner of dress, moved hither and thither, watchful and eager. There were intervals of excited chatter and breathless silence. Suddenly one, sitting upon a roof-top high up the bank, shouted. Like an echo came the answering cry from a hundred voices by the fort. The little band, proceeding in a hurried and straggling throng to the water's edge, almost lifted the two black-robed men from their laden canoe.

Provencher towered, a young giant of six feet four, high above the shoulders of the crowd—firm-lipped, fine-

BRIGHT EYED AND PIQUANT, THE GIRLS OF ST. BONIFACE ARE WELL WORTH A SECOND GLANCE

JEAN BAPTISTE HAS A BIG FAMILY OF CHUBBY-CHEEKED MARIES AND PIERRES, BUT NO MATTER HOW MANY MOUTHS THERE ARE TO FEED LIFE SITS LIGHTLY ON FRENCH SHOULDERS—LE BON DIEU WILL SEND ENOUGH FOR ALL

featured, with eyes austere yet kindly, and dark hair that curled close about his ears and over his white forehead. "The Canadians and others," says an ecclesiastical writer, "wept for joy at the sight of the almost-forgotten priestly vestments." Governor Alexander Macdonell, who was the successor of Miles Macdonell, extended an invitation to tea. The hospitality with which the priests were received was only bounded by the resources of the joyful little colony.

St. Boniface is a place of old memories and old survivals. Its streets are historically suggestive — Provencher Avenue, Dumoulin Street, De Meuron Avenue. Its college, at the present day a most imposing structure, is the oldest educational institution in the west, and had as its first graduates, in the year 1823, a French Canadian by the name of Senecal, and Chenier, the half-breed son of a man from Lachine who had settled at Pembina. But the structures around which most of interest is wrapped, and the ones which shine forth most vividly in the light of episode and anecdote, are the four cathedrals. These, of course, are not all in existence at present, having been built successively—the first two by the good Bishop Provencher, as the priest mentioned above afterwards became, the third by the late Archbishop Tache, and the fourth by Mgr. Langevin, the present Archbishop of St. Boniface. It was the second cathedral, with its "turrets twain," that inspired Whittier's poem "The Red River Voyageur." Whittier did not himself make the voyage down the Red River, but wrote the verses from material supplied him by a friend who had actually visited the Roman Mission some time previous to 1860.

The first cathedral was built of "logs, with the outside sawed off," in the year 1820. It was about eighty feet long, and was not superseded by the second stone cathedral until the year 1837. This first building was placed "under the patronage of St. Boniface, in order to draw God's blessings on the German Meurons, Catholics none too fervent, through the intercession of the Apostle of their Nation." Thus, too, the name "St. Boniface," because it was used so frequently in the cor-

respondence of Bishop Provencher and his contemporaries of the place and time, became firmly fixed to the French-Canadian village on the east bank of the Red River. In this little, old cathedral, baptismal ceremonies took place and "marriages were rehabilitated" among the three hundred and fifty mixed and picturesque parishioners of Bishop Provencher. Out over the wild old prairie clanged the rude music of Lord Selkirk's hundred-pound bell — out over the prairie and down the winding river, calling hunter and voyageur to prayer. But it was not until nearly thirty years later that the "Bells of St. Boniface," with a dual tongue, spoke to the friend of John Greenleaf Whittier from the church with the "turrets twain."

LOUIS RIEL
Born and bred in St. Boniface, the French still regard him, not as a "rebel", but as their "Little Napoleon", fighting for his rights

This structure was commenced about 1832. In 1829, Governor Simpson, who knew and respected Bishop Provencher, offered to subscribe $500 toward the building of a new stone cathedral. A stone of a fine and stable quality for building had been found along the banks of the Red River, and this, rolled into flat boats so built as to come close to shore, was carried to St. Boniface by water. In June, 1833, the foundations of the new temple were laid, five skilful stone-masons working in such hearty accord that the bishop's bargemen had much ado to keep them supplied with material from up the river. The church, one-hundred feet long and forty-five feet wide, was finished in 1837. Bishop Provencher, as did his successor, Archbishop Tache in the case of the third cathedral, collected much of the money for his enterprise in Quebec.

These are the particulars of the building of the second cathedral. For

twenty-three years, at baptism, marriage, festival and prayer, the bells in the twin turrets sounded up and down the Red. But there came a cold February morning which found Archbishop Tache "kneeling, with bowed head, on the ashes of his cathedral, repeating the words of Job: 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: as it hath pleased the Lord, so be it done. Blessed be the name of the Lord.'" The church was burned to the ground in 1860 with a fire started from spilled tallow that a nun was using to make tapers for a dying priest.

The third cathedral and bishop's palace were built about 1865, this building being much smaller than the second cathedral. With its quiet aisles, old-fashioned belfry, and white plastered walls, it stood, an unassuming little building, until pulled down in 1908 to make room for the present vast structure.

The fourth cathedral is the largest house of worship in the west. It is an immense bulk of stone. The upper galleries are lighted by a great rose window, above which two turrets look down grandly and with something of incongruity over the low roof-tops of St. Boniface. In the morning it casts a broad shadow over what is now the most interesting locality in old St. Boniface—the churchyard.

Passing up the walk, one sees old tombstones leaning at all angles, a numerous group of plain black crosses, and finally, a plain red marble headstone, inscribed "Riel." The tombstones are those of the McTavishes and the Rowands, the largest one commemorative of John Rowand, once chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company for the districts of Saskatchewan and Athabasca, who "has left the reputation of a man who shone more by his indomitable energy and fearlessness than by his Christian gentleness"; the group of crosses mark the burying-place of the grave and gentle Gray Nuns, Sisters Valada, Lagrave, Coutlee and Lafrance, who were the first and all who have since joined them there; but the headstone with "Riel" across its face — this is the centre of interest in the old place "where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap." For Louis Riel was, and is, regarded by old and modern St. Boniface alike as their little Napoleon, who did not "rebel," but stood nobly for the rights of his people.

UNDER THE QUIET TREES OF ST. BONIFACE CHURCHYARD LOUIS RIEL SLEEPS IN PEACE.

"On October 11, 1869," says a chronicler, "Louis Riel, with seventeen unarmed sympathisers, prevented a Mr. Webb from proceeding with his survey by stepping on his chain and ordering him away." It is widely known that the immediate cause of the Red River insurrection was the attempt of a group of tactless surveyors to survey what was then called Assiniboia, and included St. Boniface and the suburb of St. Vital, where Riel was born. But it was not the uprising itself, nor anything in the character of

"THE CHURCH OF THE TURRETS TWAIN" STOOD UNTIL THE ERECTION OF THE PRESENT CATHEDRAL IN 1908

Half-hidden among trees at the rear of the building stands the old "Bishop's Palace". Church and Palace have seen Winnipeg grow from a struggling frontier settlement to its present cityhood.

Louis Riel, that left him, between 1870 and 1885, a half-crazed fugitive, with a price of $5,000 upon his head. It was the shooting of Thomas Scott, with which the friends of Riel say he had less to do than is generally supposed. Louis Riel was hanged at Regina on the morning of November 16, 1885. As the chronicler aforesaid writes: "He died while reciting the Lord's Prayer. His body was taken to St. Boniface and buried in the shadow of the cathedral."

The history of St. Boniface is the history of the western Canadian development of the most ancient Christian church—the church of the Roman Empire. Its dignity is bodied forth in the equipment of the great cathedral in the centre of the town, and in the archepiscopal palace that stands austerely back from the main road, behind what is in summertime a wall of green. In summertime the black-robed fathers may be seen with the lawn-mower, pruning hook, or garden-

THE PRESENT CATHEDRAL OF ST. BONIFACE

rake, working in the flower-garden or beneath the old trees. The fruit of the work is that, about the house of the brethren and the house of the quieter sisters, there are groves which give at once seclusion and coolness.

It is evening in St. Boniface—the evening which has a peculiar red charm and delicate coloring of old rooftree and tombstone suggestive of some quaint town of the older world, some town, for instance, of that Brittany whose ancient colloquialisms are part of French as spoken by French-Canadians. Beyond the river-edge are many roofs of Winnipeg, a town as old yet always seeming young. The light of the parting day lies full on the slope the cathedral crowns, and on the broad face of the cathedral itself. An old man, looking queerly up at the bystander, sets a chair on the edge of the sidewalk and lowers himself painfully into it. He could tell you of the burning of the old cathedral and of the stormy days of Riel. A young man and girl approach. The former is lean-faced, swart and sun-burned, with hair of utter dead black and black eyes that look the newcomer over challengingly. He might be Riel's own son. The girl is handsome, in a large-featured way, with a fine, high color in her cheeks and a glow in her eyes. So might have looked Julie, last of the Lagimodieres, mother of Louis Riel, and wife of Louis Riel the elder, the turbulent "Miller of the Seine."

The sun sinks lower. On the "full red river, winding slow," there is a paler glitter, as, in the bottom of its broad ravine, it catches the first light of the summer moon. Slowly the daylight fades behind the rooftops. In its place there reigns a duskier luminance, in which the high lights are silver. Argent shines the high cathedral; the hospital square and black, down toward Norwood, is silvered in its many windows; the low houses are all gathered under the lunar cloak, which whitens as with a mock frost the pickets of each rickety little fence; and down in the Riviere Rouge, now a broad highway of moon-kissed ripples, the canoeman still listens, as the voyageur did of old, to the "vesper ringing of the Bells of St. Boniface."

CLOVER-PATCH PHILOSOPHY

BY S. JEAN WALKER

AN ANGRY wasp and a busy bee
Met once on a clover head.
The bee at his work hummed merrily,
While the wasp with anger said:
"Why is it that mortals one and all,
Act kindlier far by you?
I use my sting if they're in my way,
But that is my rightful due.
You do the same, yet they use you well,
But askance at me they look."
Then the wasp waxed wroth and waved his wings,
Till the head of clover shook.
The bee worked on. When for flight prepared,
It hovered aloft on wing,
Then paused a moment and archly said:
"I give more honey than sting."

Spinal Maginnis

"PLEATHE, MITHETH OATETH, GIVE THAT BOY FIVE THENTHS WORTH OF THE KIND OF TAFFY THAT THUCKTH THE LONGETHT"

IN WHICH SPINAL TELLS THE TRUTH AND SHAMES SATAN

By John Patrick Mackenzie

Illustrated by A. W. Grann

"MACPHAIRSON'S for de'il ma'caur," sputtered a small and thoroughly wet boy as he wiped the lank, clinging hair from his eyes.

"Ay, and MacKenzies for shoween off," came the answer prompt and jovial, whereat the entire party, all dripping, exploded with laughter and went through the various contortions with which small boys are wont to express their appreciation of true humor. For the bedraggled midget presented an appearance the reverse of ostentatious, and the point of the retort was obvious, as was indeed the fitness of the quotation which had invited it.

MacPherson, nicknamed Spinal Maginnis, was a second form boy at Galt School, always getting into trouble and always lucky in getting out again.

Situated in the heart of the beautiful, greenwood-embroidered, stream-threaded Ontario; the school, though flaunting no high-sounding name, enjoyed, while Dr. William Tassie was head master, a continental fame. Boys from California and Florida were drawn to him by reason of his strong personality; from Montreal and Vancouver, and from widely scattered intermediate points. In many cases, the word "drawn" should be used in the sense of "dragged," for Dr. Tassie's methods were old-fashioned and forcible, and a boy who had weathered one term and had his fair share of punishment was not likely to be keen for more. However, the parents usually saw to it that the boy was returned, for the results in the case of the average youngster were wonderful, as can be proved by shining examples throughout the breadth of Canada and the United States to this day.

"Spinal Maginnis" was perhaps the most unique nickname in the school, and had to be explained to all new boys. It started with a heated discussion on diseases.

"This spinal Maginnis," he was informing the backroom, "is the worst thing you can get," when Chummy Jones, philosopher and critic, let loose at him a stream of withering invective to the effect that he could not go on forever defying in this reckless manner the supreme authority of the land, the English vocabulary. If we failed to maintain the purity of the language we might as well become Frenchmen, or even as our poor friend Yankee, who was not to blame for the misfortune of his birth. But for a British subject who daily treated our common speech with outrageous violence, some fitting punishment must be devised. That same revered institution which he had so often attempted to murder was now about to mark him for life in a manner which would always recall his most flagrant crime. Thenceforward he should be known as Spinal Maginnis, and Spinal he was.

Positive genius more fittingly describes Spinal's capacity for getting in wrong.

On this afternoon of the ducking there had been a snake. Spinal, as usual, began by trying to appear on terms of familiarity with it, and the object of his advances, resenting the liberty, bit him. Gabby Wilkinson gravely and quite sincerely insisted that the finger must be amputated, "to save Spinal's life." "Toad stabbers" leaped forth like swords in a Dumas story, and Duck Wilson's, being the largest, was chosen. A boulder was selected because of its supposed resemblance to the Aztec sacrificial stone, and excitement was at its height when it occurred to cool-headed Harry Freeman to examine the remains of the snake. Blood had just been drawn when he announced that it was a harmless variety, and stopped the interesting operation. But there were some who remained unconvinced, and these watched Spinal with awe for days, maintaining to the end that his survival was due alone to "his iron constitution."

His next exploit led Chummy to call him "Inbad the sailor."

The Scottish farmers of the district had brought to their new homes direct from Robbie Burns' country not only such fragrantly suggestive names as Dumfries, Ayr and Doon, but also much thrift. This was evidenced in the construction of their fences. These were in short lengths, which were taken down each year and anchored flat with stones before the Grand River rose in the spring floods. Spinal, whom Gabby had called "blood-thirsty Berserker," because he was taking great satisfaction in a very moderate flow of blood from his cut finger, pointed out that these fences were just the thing for a "Bear Seeker" expedition.

Ten small boys were soon careering down the foaming stream on a raft. It was glorious while it lasted. Gabby parodied the familiar lines from the second reader and shouted:

"Hurrah for the rapid that merrily, merrily
Bears us along on our half holiday.
Now we have entered it, cheerily, cheerily,
Mingling our lives with its treacherous spray."

Then Showinoff, following his unfortunate destiny, must impersonate a chief of the Caughnawagas running the Lachine rapids, waving meanwhile a paddle of driftwood. Of course, he had to lose his balance and fall heavily on the weakest spot of the raft, which touched a rock at the same moment and immediately went to pieces. It was little more than a jump to shore, and it was probably by a stretch of imagination that each one seriously assured the others that he "had to swim for it," for all were yet "creek boys" and could scarcely swim a few strokes, even when unimpeded by clothes.

"MACKENZIES FOR SHOWEEN OFF, MACPHAIRSONS FOR DE'IL MA' CAUR"—IT WAS A CLEAR CASE OF HEREDITY

As they made tracks for Dr. Tassie's house, they agreed, by consent of all but the two on whom the aphorism reflected, that their plight was entirely due to "MacKenzies for shoween off—MacPhairsons for de'il ma'caur," for had not Spinal suggested the raft and had not Showinoff wrecked it by his acting up?

The saying had become proverbial in the school from the day in the previous term when the two had gone on an apple expedition together and had been collared by the owner of the orchard.

It was a clear case of heredity; for when the one vaingloriously waved his bonnet from the fence top, and, losing his balance, fell over on the wrong side, the other, without hesitation, charged recklessly into the pursuing farmer. His capture, of course, brought his companion to the rescue, and so they were both prisoners.

Sandy Muirhead, who had a strong vein of curiosity which ran into humor, instead of proceeding at once to thrash them, as was the custom in such cases, asked their names. Now, second form boys of that period at Galt were wont to resort to deception when fairly cornered, which was one loss among the

many gains of the flogging system then in its glory. Because of this well-known trait, the contemporaries of these two scapegraces were at first disposed to discredit the whole story, which hinged on the assertion that they had given their real names Later, when the facts had been corroborated, the inconsistency was explained as an accident resulting from great excitement.

But canny Sandy Muirhead knew the truth when he saw it.

"Ay, ay," he chuckled. "Mackenzies for shoween off. MacPhairsons for de'il ma'caur. Div ye ken, laddies, that ye are deesplaying the surveeval o' an ancient virtue, the clansman's pride in his patroneemic?" Then, true to his argumentative breed, he sat them down in the orchard and, to prove the justice of the proverb he had quoted, told them an enthralling story of the MacPherson who lived in a cave for over a year after "the forty five", governing his clan while the English soldiers scoured the country in search of him—that same Cluny MacPherson and the same cave that Stevenson's hero and David Balfour visited in "Kidnapped." "De'il ma' caur I ca' that," said Sandy.

And then there was a chief of the Mackenzies who escaped to France after "the fifteen". Once a year his clan sent a big "kist o' siller" down to Edinburgh under a guard of several hundred claymores, and shipped it over to France. They openly paid a double tax—to the Government and to their chief—until he was pardoned.

"An' nae doot he was shoween off at Versailles wi' his pairt. Some haud that these charactereestics apply equally weel to ony o' your sauvage tribes—somewhat seemilarly to Indians; but ma theeory is that the Lord sifted in a leetle mair o' the Pict here an' a wee bit mair o' the Gael there an' a dash o' Norse in places an' so ye hae mony an' deevairse fauts."

"Ay," he continued, "ye're Hielandmen baith, an' I'll no blame ye for thievin'—it's in the bluid. Naething but the grace o' God can mak' ye honest. But, laddies, gin ye but learn to be true in deed as ye hae been in word this day, ye micht yet be great men. I hae heard that Gladstone had Gaelic ancestors an' Robbie Burns as weel."

Then he let them go with a kindly admonition, a paralyzing request to come back "wi' their freends," and also, most marvellous of all, with all the apples they had gathered, of which they and their "freends" ate their fill in the back room that night.

Sandy's generous invitation was embraced on the very first half holiday by a chosen delegation who had prepared for the occasion what they thought would be a little joke on the worthy man.

As soon as all his guests had been provided with apples to munch, he launched with gusto into the story of how "MacPhairson an' his freend cam' on like the clans at Culloden—juist that—verra brave but nae concert o' action. First the ane an' syne the ither; an' sae they fell ane by ane. Noo, gin the MacPhairsons had bided for the Mackenzies to come up an' they had ta'en me ane in front an' the ither in the rear, I doot but I had no been here to tell the tale."

"There is a boy here who knows a piece about the Highlanders, Mr. Muirhead. Come up here, Gordon," said MacPherson.

Gordon Cameron had "spoken a piece" in the school debating society which had been decided to be "just the thing for Sandy Muirhead; all about licking the Lowlanders," so he had been brought along and was now pushed forward. His father had taught him to recite that particular poem so well that he was kept at it all through his schooldays. It never grew old; to hear him always made one's backbone tingle "just like an electric shock," as Chummy Jones described it.

"Come hither, Evan Cameron!
Come stand beside my knee—
I hear the river roaring down
Towards the wintry sea.
There's shouting on the mountain-side,
There's war within the blast—
Old faces look upon me
Old forms go trooping past,
I hear the pibroch sounding
Amidst the din of fight,
And my dim spirit wakes again
Upon the verge of night.

"'Twas I that led the Highland host
Through wild Lochaber snows,
What time the plaided clans came down
To battle, with Montrose.
I've told thee how the Southrons fell
Beneath the broad claymore,
And how we smote the Campbell clan
By Inverlochy's shore.
I've told thee how we swept Dundee,
And tamed the Lindsay's pride,
But I have never told thee yet
How the great Marquis died."

For he had ta'en his latest look
Of earth and sun that day."

"Guid poetry but verra poor theoalogy. He should hae let the meenisters pray wi' him," he commented.

When the recitation was ended, Mr. Muirhead was the first to break the silence.

"Ay, Aytoun is fine. I'll gie ye a

AIR OF SANDY MUIRHEAD'S SONG

"How's that, Mr. Muirhead?" cried MacPherson, unable longer to restrain his enthusiasm.

"Mon, that's gran'," said Sandy, "but ye're fechtin' wi' ane anither as usual—Camerons agen Campbells. But gang on, laddie, it's fine."

Next thing every boy had caught the contagion from MacPherson, and was jumping up and down with clenched fists as Gordon shouted the verses:

"Had I been there with sword in hand
And fifty Camerons by,
That day through high Dunedin's streets
Had pealed the slogan cry.
Not all their troops of trampling horse,
Nor might of mailèd men—
Not all the rebels in the South
Had borne us backward then.
Once more his foot on Highland heath
Had trod as free as air,
Or I, and all who bore my name,
Been laid around him there!"

"Ay, ay, a prood an' boastfu' race. Gang on."

Before he had finished, all, even to Mr. Muirhead, were surreptitiously wiping the moisture from their eyes.

But there was one verse to which the sturdy Scot took exception.

"The grim Geneva ministers
With anxious scowl drew near,
As you have seen the ravens flock
Around the dying deer.
He would not deign them word nor sign,
But alone he bent the knee;
And veiled his face for Christ's dear grace
Beneath the gallows tree.
Then radiant and serene he rose
And cast his cloak away;

wee bit thing o' his in a deeferent vein. Wattie, come here an' do the drone."

A hulking raw-boned youth, who was picking apples near by, came from his work, nothing loth, and together they gave, much to MacPherson's disgust, this precious duet with a faithful imitation of the bagpipes in the chorus:

"Ta Phairson swore a feud
Against ta clan MacTafish,
And marched into ta glen
To plunder and to rafish.
Naik a-naik a-nyah,
Naik a-naik a-nyah ah,
Naik a-naik a-nyah,
Nyah-ah ah-ah-ah ah-nya————h.

For he had resolved
To extirpate the vipers
With four and twenty fighting men
And five and thirty pipers."————

At this, a loud sound, as of rapping on a window, came from the direction of the house.

"We'll no feenish it. Yon's the guid wife; she doesna appreciate that sang; she's a MacPhairson."

* * * * * * * * *

After the thorough soaking resulting from the wreck of the raft the ten boys ran all the way home, with much stamping and capering to work off the dripping part of their wetting, gained their dormitories unchallenged, and put their wet clothes quickly in their lockers. A boy who shared Gabby's locker objected most unreasonably to

this. His name was John Nixon, but an analysis of his patronymic into Nick's son had resulted in his being christened Satan Junior.

Satan Nixon had not been of the party, and he threatened to tell Dr. Tassie of the condition in which they had returned home unless the wet clothes were removed from his locker. This would not do at all, as there was no room to conceal them anywhere else; so two of the party who sat near Satan at the table, Yankee Dickinson and Spinal, were detailed to make faces at him at regular intervals throughout tea and the study hour. As Satan was of an impressionable disposition, this kept him in order; but after study the trouble broke out again. Satan insisted that his skates and his wigwam axe had already rusted. He produced them, and they were certainly in bad shape. Satan would not be convinced that they had been rusted ever since the end of the winter, and started off to tell. So the four of the party who roomed with him—Spinal, Yankee, Chummy Jones and Gabby, aided by Brian Boru,--restrained him.

Satan became abusive to such an extent that Spinal suggested crucifying him. All readily fell in with this, and, while none of them had ever witnessed a crucifixion, the school traditions were sufficiently explicit to enable them to administer that punishment in correct form. It took but a few minutes to remove all the bedding from Satan's iron bedstead, tie him hand and foot to the frame, arrayed in his nightgown, and raise him to an upright position. After splashing him well with water from their pitchers, Satan was glad to forswear all tale bearing; and, to his credit be it said, he made no outcry throughout the ordeal. This impressed his inquisitors so favorably that they helped to dry him and clothe him in a fresh nightgown, and soon had him snugly tucked in bed.

Harry Freeman and Chick Wallace, who had a small room next door, had come in, attracted by the general laughter, but Chick, who was wary, looked back, and crying "Cave, fellows," was safe in his own room in two jumps.

Looking down the hall, the reflection of a light showed in the stairway. It was only a matter of seconds to shove Harry under the beds, whether he would or no, put out the light and jump into bed, clothes and all. "Ah," said Mrs. Tassie, shading her candle with her hand, "ye're loike the young bears; all your troubles before ye." This was one of her familiar good-night speeches, and was not meant to intimate that she saw through the far too energetic efforts of the boys to simulate the deepest depths of slumber. One could not resist the temptation to peep at her as she stood there in her scarlet jacket and black silk skirt; her raven black hair, clear dark complexion and clean cut features making, in the reflected light, a picture never to be forgotten. She must have been a strikingly handsome woman in her youth, and some sense of this was impressed upon her charges even in the irreverent days of which I write, for all believed implicitly the tales told of Dr. Tassie's youthful exploits "for her sake."

Although it was most unusual for any boy to admit anything to "Old Bill's" credit, the empty appearance of the toe of his left shoe was always said to be due to the loss of several toes "gored off by a mad bull from which he saved Mrs. Tassie when they were young in Ireland." Quite a remarkable performance, even for an Irish bull.

Mrs. Tassie usually kept up a running fire of pleasantries until she left the room, doubtless assuming that the boys were not so fast asleep as they would have her think. But this time she was unusually serious. Turning back in the doorway she said solemnly:

"All liars shall with devils dwell,
And many more who cursed and swore,
And all who did what God forbid."

This had quite a depressing effect, as the long silence indicated. Chummy Jones, the irrepressible, was the first to recover. In a loud whisper he charged Satan with being the cause of their bad reputation.

" 'All liars shall with devils dwell.' No wonder Mrs. Tassie has a poor opinion of us when we dwell with you,

Satan. She evidently thinks you conduct a seminary for liars here. 'And many more who cursed and swore.' We may soon be doing that, too, if we continue to live with you."

"Let's throw him out of the window before this room becomes an awful example for the whole school," Spinal suggested.

"Where's Harry Freeman?" someone asked. "Wake up, Harry. Get back while Mrs. Tassie is in the Carpenters' room."

Harry crawled slowly from under the row of beds, his fair chubby Saxon face the picture of misery.

"What's the matter, old boy?" said Yankee. "We meant it for the best if you did miss your chance to get away — now's your time."

"CAVE, FELLOWS! MRS. TASSIE'S COMING!"

"I don't know that I want to dodge her," Harry answered, to the amazement of all the others. "I never had such a gone feeling before as I had under there listening to what Mrs. Tassie said."

"Ingrowing conscience; take strap oil for it," said Chummy. And in the remark the youthful philosopher displayed his usual acumen, for the strap, while conducive to the primitive virtues of hardihood, stoicism under suffering, altruistic self-restraint in tale-bearing, did not encourage the development of the more contemplative Christian graces such, for instance, as communing with one's conscience.

"I wouldn't dodge her now if it wouldn't get all you fellows in a row to get caught," persisted Harry, "but

this is the last time that I am going to hide. I say, though, let's all own up in the morning."

There was not a word said after Harry went, but every one of the thoughtless lot must have been thinking hard for once. For next morning, ten small boys filed into Dr. Tassie's study after breakfast, those of the back room having persuaded the others of the party that what Harry recommended was the square thing.

Mrs. Tassie was standing by the desk but withdrew as they came in, and then they thought that their only friend had deserted them. For a moment they were speechless. Then Gabby, with his individual problem foremost in mind, spoke up.

"Please, sir. We all got in down the river, and our wet clothes are in our lockers, and Satan is after me."

"What's that?" exclaimed Dr. Tassie in amazement.

"I mean Nixon, sir. He wants mine out so his skates and axe won't rust, and please, sir, can I take them to the kitchen?"

"Ah, h'm! h'm!" ejaculated the great man in the sonorous tone which was usually his prelude to pronouncing sentence. "His axe and skates to the kitchen? What do you mean, sir?"

"No, sir, I mean my wet things, please, sir."

A light seemed to dawn upon "Old Bill." "By all means let your Glengarry caps and pea jackets be dried," and with the grim smile which was called "fiendish," he continued: "Or did any of you by chance wear buckram or Kendal green? Marry, but methinks either would ill stand wetting."

As Harry Dixon, "The Dixon-ary," afterwards explained, he referred to the scene in Shakespeare's King Henry Fourth where Fat Jack Falstaff claims that he and his companions fought with eleven men in buckram and three in Kendal green, when in reality they ran from only two all told.

No doubt Dr. Tassie meant that the farmer's story of a dozen boys in Glengarry caps and pea jackets must be a regular Falstaffian whopper, provided the boys' reports could be believed, as up to that time only one appeared to have been near the river. But, if the farmer's story were the true one, then he knew there were some awful liars among them, and he probably leaned toward the latter hypothesis.

"Buckram!"

"Kendal green!"

"You heard him say that?"

"Yes, he asked if any of us wore that," were the spontaneous tributes to Dixon-ary's accuracy, and "men in buckram" became a gibe from that day.

"But I was away off about what he meant when he said, 'Quite a Falstaffian mystery,' until Dixonary explained about it," said Spinal. "Honest, I thought he said 'false taffy,' and he said 'plump old Jack,' too, and I thought sure he meant that wigwam down the track that was forbidden since the time Fat Jack Smith got sick smoking there and said it was too much taffy. I made sure you fellows that reported 'down the track' would get licked on suspicion of going there."

"A farmer called yesterday evening," Dr. Tassie continued, "to complain about a number of boys in Glengarry caps and pea jackets, about a dozen, he thought, who, he said, had stolen his fences and floated them down the river. Am I to understand that you are the culprits?"

"Yes, sir," all replied promptly.

"Then, by paying fifteen cents each, once a week from now until the end of the term, you will be able, I believe, to liquidate his claim, which amounts to twelve dollars. Jones, do you see that this is attended to. And I must say, MacPherson, that your correct report of your whereabouts yesterday afternoon was consistent with what Mr. Muirhead told me some time ago of your conduct when questioned as to your name, and has pleased me greatly.

"That will do. You may go," was the amazing conclusion of this unprecedented interview.

It was a stunned party that staggered upstairs, gazing open-eyed into each other's faces. They could scarcely believe the evidence of their own senses. In fact, one humourist was pinching the palms of his hands and

asking, "Did I get a licking or did I not?" as he stumbled into the back room in a dazed condition. According to their traditions, Old Bill had for the first time missed an opportunity to use the tawse.

It was then that Yankee Dickinson unfolded his widely accepted explanation of that epoch-making incident and aroused the first suspicions that "Old Bill," might after all, have some glimmerings of humanity.

"You fellows were all too badly scared to take in what was going on," said he. "If you were only fortunate enough to have been born under the Stars and Stripes you wouldn't get so rattled at the sight of an Old British School Master. I edged up close to the the desk and heard Mrs. Tassie say 'Remember your promise, William.' So you see, she must have made him promise not to lick the boys who did it if she could get them to own up, and that's what her lecture last night was for."

"She gave us one, too," added a Middle Room boy.

"Well," continued Yankee, "it's a mighty good thing for the whole house that we told, for I watched his face and I could see that he was terribly disappointed not to have to lick everybody in the house to find out." Such was the popular estimate of Old Bill that this established the soundness of Yankee's theory.

"He was quite sure it was some of the boys in this house," said Gabby, "for they couldn't muster up so many crazy asses in all theother houses put together." This sounded reasonable, for Dr. Tassie made a point of keeping the uncertain spirits under his own eye. Chummy summed up the situation in epigrammatic form. "The tyrant foiled. by a noble band of young truth-tellers." But the greatest amazement was caused by Spinal's new distinction.

SPINAL MAGINNIS

When he had told the truth and had said "walk down the river" in his half-holiday report, which every boy gave, one after the other, after evening prayers, it was ascribed, as on a former occasion, to accident—probably due to confusion caused by fright. The others had all said "walk down the track" by agreement, and it was further agreed that if any boy's wet clothes were found he was to tell an idiotic story about fooling around the water tank when the engine was taking water.

And now Spinal had received one of Old Bill's rare encomiums, and in their presence, for one of his characteristic blunders.

Spinal vouchsafed no explanation, but Harry Freeman, who was his chum, said afterwards that, while Spinal did not feel called upon to tell until the others decided to, he was not going to lie when asked a direct question, and had made up his mind on that point after his experience with Sandy Muirhead.

All felt better after the confession.

"Come on down to Mrs. Oates', ellows," said Spinal. "There's just time before school. I'm going to have one blow-out before I start paying for that confounded raft."

It was a short run down the hill when Mrs. Oates' taffy shop was the goal. Spinal swaggered in with all the recklessness of a born spendthrift, and shouted, "What'll you have, fellows?" and, slapping John Nixon on the back, said, "Mitheth Oatth, pleathe give thith boy five thenths' worth of the kind of taffy that thuckth the longetht."

This brought down the house; and Satan, whom neither contumely nor crucifixion could depress, hung his head at last, for Spinal had quoted one of his forgotten childish lispings, uttered when he first appeared at Galt, fresh from the nursery.

"Never mind, Satan, old boy. You took your medicine like a man."

"Yes, but Spinal, I lied about my skates and axe. I knew it was old rust and I was only trying to bother you fellows and make you scared that you would be found out. And I'm ashamed of it now because I know you told a straight story on purpose, whatever the other fellows think about it."

" 'Tell the truth and shame the devil!' That's in King Henry Fourth, too," the Dixon-ary chipped in.

IN THE TWILIGHT

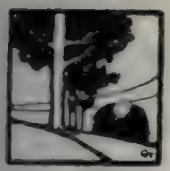
BY W. D. NESBIT

WHEN the children come home in the twilight, come home from the field and the street,
Come home from the paths that have tempted the recklessly brave little feet,
Come home from the sun and the shadow, come home with their laughter or tears,
They find in the home-place a balsam for all of their frets and their fears.

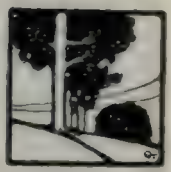
The lamplight gives all of them welcome; not one will be turned from the door;
Their footsteps make merriest music as softly they trip on the floor
And sheltering arms creep around them and fingers of love drive away
The stains of the tears and the frownings that somehow have come with the day.

I wonder and wonder and wonder if we with our codes and our creeds
If we with our jeers and our judgments of words and of dreams and of deeds,
Will find when we come in the twilight, a-weary of life and its way
That we come as good and bad children creep home at the end of the day.

The Other Side of Government



By Madge Macbeth



With Photographs by the Author

" EDITORIAL NOTE.—"*We are on the wrong side of the tapestry here," said Father Brown in one of Chesterton's recent stories. "The things that happen here mean nothing; but they mean something somewhere else." So it is with the lives of the feminine half of the political world—they are on the wrong side of the tapestry. Yet, like some fabrics, the wrong side may be more significant than the right, and the light of the hearth fire quite as illuminating as the scintillations in Hansard. It is with this idea in mind that Mrs. Macbeth has sketched for CANADA MONTHLY quick portraits of half a dozen of the prominent leaders of Ottawa, the first (Lady Laurier) having appeared in March under the title of "The Lady of the Gentle Heart." They are given in the order interviewed by Mrs. Macbeth, without consideration of social precedence.*

THE meteoric social flight of Mrs. Frank Oliver, wife of the able Minister of the Interior, reads like a yellow-backed penny thriller. She has run the gamut of every stage of civilization from uncivilization up!

Perhaps the Capital can boast of no more interesting personage than Mrs. Oliver, who left Ontario when she was six years old and travelled by wagon most of the way into the far west, dwelling for the first few months in her parents' palatial home—a tent pitched in Fort Garry. She saw Fort Garry and Point Douglas stretch friendly hands toward one another, until the dividing line, Brown's Bridge, was no more, and Winnipeg was born.

At seventeen she married and went still further west, to Edmonton, her wedding journey occupying just three months. And it was not the usual tour now in vogue; it did not include London, Paris, Vienna, Rome, Naples and a home trip by the Azores. It was jogging all day in a buckboard and camping at night under the stars; in place of man-built hostelries there were God-made forests for shelter; in lieu of touring through picture galleries there was the hand of the Creator to see in the rising and the setting of the sun; and rather than servile waiters and well-trained chambermaids, there were Indian guides and an occasional half-breed woman.

From July until October the honeymoon lasted, the bridegroom combining business with pleasure and carrying his supplies for the winter with him. Two days out from Edmonton people rode or drove to meet the party. They had been eagerly awaiting its coming, for the bacon was gone and sugar and tea were very scarce; also the Hudson's Bay Company (a rival of Mr. Oliver, and all Free Traders) asked much more than they liked to pay. Flour at $50.00 a bag, and sugar at $1.00 per pound they expected, but no more!

When the young bride arrived in her

future home she enjoyed the distinction of being the sixth white woman in the settlement. This does not include the Gray Nuns, who had a Mission there, as they had in Winnipeg.

MRS. FRANK OLIVER, NEE HARRIET DUNLOP, IN THE DRAWING ROOM OF THE OLIVERS' OTTAWA HOME

Mrs. Oliver attended the first school in Winnipeg, which was a log shack presided over by the sombrely-clad, gentle-voiced sisters; she saw the first paper started in the west—a funny little sheet edited by her husband, printed on a hand press, and revelling in the dignified name of the Bulletin; she welcomed the first doctor to Edmonton, and was in many other ways distinctly a "pioneer woman."

If ever a wife worked for her husband, she is that one! Electioneering and stumping at garden parties among the convivial political lights of the day? Not a bit of it! She bore her children—and there were many—with only the services of an Indian woman as nurse; she made their clothes and her own; she tended her own garden, once getting a medal from the Provincial Exhibit; she did all her own work—and cooking for more than a half dozen hungry mouths is not child's play; she nursed her brood through scarlet fever, whooping cough, chicken pox and all nationalities of measles with only common sense to guide her—if we except an almanac maybe, in the back of which were "Helps and Suggestions for Young Mothers." There was one whole year when she never set foot beyond the confines of her own yard, and there were nights without number when she fell upon her bed too exhausted to remove her home-made clothing.

Yet to-day she looks as young as her daughters!

"How do you do it?" the interviewer asked.

Mrs. Oliver took the compliment gracefully. "I suppose I had a good constitution to begin with, and then as soon as the worst was over I felt my spirits rebound and enjoyed myself until 'the next time.'"

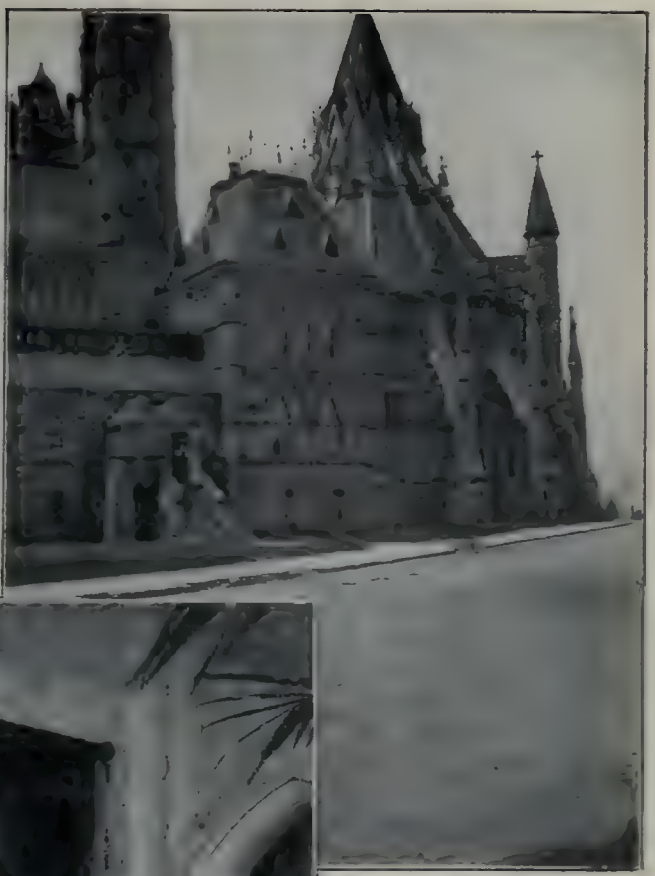
This is not a very satisfying explanation nor an easy receipt to follow for eternal youth, but it is probably the cause of it in the present instance, for there is a perpetually vivifying atmosphere emanating from Mrs. Oliver which one must see to understand.

"Did you not want to get away from it all?" she was asked.

"Of course I did! I used to think on the blue days that if I did not get away I would go raving mad. But where was there to go? We were poor and could not take the family, neither could I leave them behind. Mr. Oliver was nearly always away, in the summer going to Winnipeg for his supplies—it took three months to accomplish the trip; and in winter he was election-

eering and attending to his paper. I can truthfully say that neither he nor his plans were interfered with in any way—he was absolutely free to go and come as he pleased as far as I was concerned. He was away when two of the children were born and when two of them died."

That is a record of which any woman might be proud—when next you worry yourself to death because John doesn't telephone that he's going to be late home, think of Mrs. Oliver and her three months' vigil in Edmonton, with her husband running the chances of the frontier.



IT REQUIRES A CERTAIN DIGNITY TO LIVE IN A HOUSE THAT LOOKS LIKE A CHURCH, BUT MRS. KERR IS ENTIRELY EQUAL TO IT. THE LOW ENTRANCE IS HER HOME DOORWAY, AND TO THE RIGHT IS THE ROUNDED SWEEP OF THE PARLIAMENTARY LIBRARY

MRS. KERR, WHATEVER SHE KNOWS OF THE BEATING HEART OF CANADIAN POLITICS THAT LIES JUST BEYOND HER DOORWAY, GIVES YOU YOUR CHOICE OF LEMON OR CREAM WITH A SMOOTH BROW AND GRACIOUS SMILE

But her reward came for all those years of privation and toil when she went to Ottawa to take up a life of comparative ease. Mrs. Oliver came east with a westerner's idea of *bon camaraderie*, taking people exactly as she found them.

"I felt just like a girl making her debut," she said simply. "Every-

thing was new to me, everything was gloriously enjoyable. I forgot I had a married daughter, and I imagined myself as young as she was—in other words, I began to live."

"Social distinctions? Well, I soon learned that such things existed, but I'm afraid they don't occupy as much of my horizon as they might. There is so little of 'social distinctions' in the west, and," she laughed, "at heart, you know, I am still a westerner."

Big-hearted, trusting, happy, Mrs. Oliver is really just a grown-up girl, with a girl's sweetness and simplicity. She makes "the making of friends" a part of her life, never forgetting a name or a face. She says she wants the good will of everyone, and if she hasn't it,

TEDDY, THE SMALL SON OF THE CHAMBERS FAMILY, WITH HIS CANADIAN WARSHIP

BERTHA CHAMBERS, SERIOUSLY ENGAGED IN SOOTHING HER KITTEN'S FEARS OF THE PHOTOGRAPHER

surely it is because people do not know of her splendid history. A woman who has accomplished a career such as hers and by such drastic means deserves all the joy that life can give her.

Across the threshold from the centre of Canadian politics lives Mrs. Kerr, the wife of the Speaker. It is but a step from her tea-table to the red-carpeted halls of the Main Parliament Building and the Senate Chamber, and above the clink of the tea-cups you may almost hear the great heart of the Dominion beating.

Yet whatever Mrs. Kerr knows of that heart, she keeps it to herself, and gives you choice of lemon or cream with a smooth brow and gracious smile.

You remember that first act of "What Every Woman Knows," where Maggie Wylie innocently laments her lack of "charrum"—with the wistfully arched eyebrow and quaintly pouted mouth of Maude Adams, most charming of women? So Mrs. Kerr.

There is no thrilling past to give colour to her pen portrait; there will probably be no luridly exciting future. She has no especially distinctive marks in the way of accomplishments. Yet the fact remains that Mrs. Kerr does stand separate and apart, does occupy a distinct place in the memory of all who have known her because she possesses that rarest of all feminine attributes, that indefinable something called "charm."

MRS. ERNEST CHAMBERS COMBINES A LIVELY SOCIAL INSTINCT WITH OLD-FASHIONED DOMESTICITY OF NO MEAN ORDER. SHE CAN WITH EQUAL EASE GIVE A DELIGHTFUL LUNCHEON OR MAKE THE KIND OF GINGERBREAD YOUR MOTHER USED TO BAKE, AND IS ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR WOMEN OF THE CAPITAL

It takes all sorts of people to make the world, says the sententious one, and Mrs. Kerr is the ornamental sort. It is a refreshing change from the faddy woman, the strenuously political, the ultra philanthropic or the uncomfortably accomplished, to find one who, with utmost grace and ease, does nothing, and does it well!

The Speaker's wife is popular—popular quite apart from the position she holds. Her constant adherence to society's demands makes her lot not entirely a sinecure.

Mrs. Kerr is a rather large woman, fair and more than ordinarily handsome. Her carriage is suggestive of the old regime when a straight back was looked upon as a necessary adjunct to a woman's beauty. She is an expert horsewoman, appearing at her very best when mounted.

She was Miss Cecil Pinhorne, of Cumberland, England. Her childhood and girlhood were rather uneventful, and when just grown she came out to this country with an aunt and uncle who had a ranch near Winnipeg. It is safe to hint that there were two or three hearts out in the New Land which beat a little faster at the thought of the lovely English girl's coming, but on the trip across Mr. Kerr made hay while the sun shone and captured a most desirable prize.

While in Ottawa Mr. and Mrs. Kerr occupy the historic old quarters set apart for each Speaker of the Senate. In days gone by the Speaker's wife had no household duties to interfere with her strenuous social life, the Steward of the Senate acting as housekeeper. But now that is changed, and except for a messenger, and a woman who looks after the rooms—these two employed at the Government's expense—the wife of the Speaker has personally to manage a house, the doors of which are constantly open. Mrs. Kerr is very fond of flowers, and from her own conservatory in Toronto come all the decorations for her table and rooms.

THE CHAMBERS CHILDREN COMFORTABLY PICNICKING IN THE WOODS

The accompanying photograph is quite inadequate to give an idea of the stately beauty of the Senate Drawing Room, with its very high ceiling, its paintings and its statuary. From its windows can be seen the purple outline of the Laurentian Hills, although during the months when the view is loveliest the rooms are deserted.

With barely a step across the threshold one is projected into the red-carpeted halls of the Main Parliament Building and thence into the Senate Chamber itself—into the very heart of Canadian Government and politics—but in the Speaker's apartment Mrs. Kerr has shed about her an atmosphere of the sweetness and the peace of a Home!

Another of the home-making and domestic Madam Honorables is Mrs. Ernest Chambers, the wife of Captain Ernest Chambers, gentleman usher of the Black Rod. Fish and fowl and good red herring—that's what Mrs. Chambers is!

She combines a lively social instinct with old-fashioned domesticity of no mean order; she can make the kind of ginger bread your mother used to bake, and give a delightful tea or luncheon with equal ease; she can make over last summer's clothes and appear as amiable after three hours' cutting and piecing as after a highly enjoyable entertainment. Always bright and pleasant, she seems to have escaped the boredom, the ennui of those who are surfeited with social pleasures, and her ever readiness to "do things" makes her one of the most popular women in the Capital.

She is eligible, owing to her husband's quasi-Governmental position, to strictly Government functions where few, if any, civilians are included, but she does not identify herself with this one faction, having many—perhaps her warmest—friends in other circles. It is a literal fact that "she goes everywhere," and the telephone never ceases its tuneful jingle from nine o'clock in the morning until much worse than that at night.

Possessed of an unlimited energy and a boundless power to enjoy herself, Mrs. Chambers is an ideal guest and an ideal hostess. If she ever looks at the clock and says, "Bother the tea, I wish I had not promised to pour something!" no one is the wiser. She never answers the telephone with the unmistakable air of one who says inwardly, "Well, what do you want, *now*?"

That is—she did, only once!

It was at the beginning of the season, when hostesses vied with each other to get in their particular "spoke" before someone else, and Sleep sat shivering and neglected far, far off waiting for an introduction, that Mrs. Chambers came in from a bridge party along o' the wee sma' hours with no desire in life half so keen as that for rest. She

fell into a dreamless sleep, from which she was awakened almost immediately, it seemed, by the insistent whirr of the telephone. With vague thoughts of telegrams, bad news and the like, she groped her way to the instrument, too utterly sleepy to open her eyes.

"Well?" she asked anxiously.

"Do you want a man this morning to put on your storm windows?" came from the other end of the line.

She said——well, never mind, but that was the one time!

Mrs. Chambers is one of the busiest women in Ottawa; not the idly busy one, to quote Mrs. Clifford Sifton, but the busily busy one. She accomplishes more in a week than most people do in a month, because she is always doing something. In the moments when other people would be "resting" Mrs. Chambers is sewing. Most of the clothes her children wear are the product of her deft fingers; her friends can point to many an artistic bit of fancy work which she has made; at Christmas time she has time to dress a doll most elaborately; and yet, like the truly busy person, she always has time. In sickness, or trouble, or even the blues, call on Mrs. Chambers! No matter how thick and fast teas may be coming, she can always make time to go to you.

Her outlook upon life is healthy, true and high, and because there is no room in her make-up for sin or evil, she is slow in attributing ignoble motives to others. Although not blind in an ignorant way, to things she sees about her, she looks only for the best, and never allows scandal to be repeated to her.

THE BEGINNING OF THE EDMONTON BULLETIN

A photograph of Mr. Oliver's paper, "The Bulletin." This sheet was about seven by five inches in size, and was printed in Edmonton, N. W. T., on December 20th, 1880. The firm of Taylor & Oliver issued it weekly from December to May at $2.00 a year.

Fun, jokes, good times—yes! In fact, she often resents the restrictions convention places upon perfectly harmless amusements and longs for a "'lark.' But further than that—no! She would not understand how men and women could be false to their highest ideals; how they must look outside the orbit of uprightness for savour to life. There would be fewer scandals, fewer divorces, fewer bankruptcies, and fewer work-bound husbands if the years turned out more women like Mrs. Chambers.

The Gilded Rancher

By Frank Giolma

Illustrated by V. L. Barnes

"WE can make the Gilded Rancher's by night, if you want to keep on pegging," suggested Timber-cruiser McCarthy, stopping by a blazed tree.

"You bet your neck," I agreed fervently. "Anything with a roof on it looks good to me."

Since the beginning of September the fall rains had been drenching the British Columbia woods, and our boots squelched through dank, decaying undergrowth and rotting moss. For two weeks we had spent our days on the tramp, and our nights in a "McCarthy hut," which is a hole in a decayed stump or a piece of bark roofing across two fallen trees, and as we were more than a day's journey still from the settlement of Happy Valley, I had resigned myself to another sleep in the rank dampness of the forest.

So McCarthy's suggestion naturally made a hit with me, and readjusting our packs, we went forward.

McCarthy is one of the pioneers of Happy Valley, and like all the other settlers, came out here to farm. He had been a school master in some Scottish village lying at the foot of one of those Highland woods that wander on the mountain sides in Northern Scotland. In his spare time he had roamed among the trees, making friends with the rangers, and incidentally picking up a smattering of woodland lore, and the measuring of timber. Having failed at farming in Happy Valley, it was that lightly acquired knowledge that stepped in and turned McCarthy into the surest timber-cruiser on the Pacific Coast.

We had been away up on the feet of the mountains, spying out some grand

timber, and never once had a cross-grained word passed between us. McCarthy has a reputation for taciturnity, bordering at times on moroseness, but for some reason or other he had broken his habit of silence, and told me so many anecdotes of the settlers that I was surprised he had never mentioned the Gilded Rancher.

"What's the fellow's real name?" I asked.

"I'm darned glad you asked," McCarthy replied, "because I want to give you a few pointers before we get there.

"It must be nearly ten years since he came to the valley looking for a ranch. You know the raw Englishman, decked out in a London tailor's dream of a cowboy outfit. Imagine a face that shows at a glance that the owner is the fool of the family, and you'll have the Gilded Rancher sized up.

"I was not so far from the old country kirk in those days, and when I first saw him, I thought to myself, 'Behold a man in whom there is no guile.'

"And, by hell, there was not. A farm in those days fetched from one to four dollars an acre, and Ten Cent Bert, the dirty little half-breed, sold our friend a place of one hundred and sixty acres, with a two-roomed shack, and a skew-eyed attempt at a barn, and about two acres cleared for twenty dollars an acre. When I heard of the robbery I picked a quarrel with Ten Cent Bert, and he didn't come out of hospital for a month.

"As he comes of good stock, the Gilded Rancher never spoke of his people, but the Valley soon learnt that his name was Frederick John Tarbell."

"The old Quaker family?" I asked.

"The same, and the Gilded Rancher is the only son, and the last in direct male descent.

"It made the settlers' heads ache trying to figure why he had come out here, and what he thought he was going to do with a piece of bush land with firs eight and nine feet in diameter growing on it as thickly as buttercups in an old country meadow. For a man to clear even a few acres of bush, he must have been reared with an axe in one hand and a seven-foot saw in the other, and be as hard as sun-dried hickory. A blind mule could have seen that the Gilded Rancher had never done a day's work, and was physically as rotten as punk wood.

"I lost sight of him for about a year and then I dropped in on him one evening as I was coming back to the settlement after a pretty long cruise. It was curiosity that made me stop. I had been figuring in my head as to how much land Tarbell had cleared that year. I reckoned about an acre, and the stumps still standing. I was away out.

"The first glance showed me that he

had done nothing, the second, the reasons. He had not known the way to use his tools, and so everything had gone wrong and he had lost heart. I asked him to give me a shake down for the night, and after a few nervous apologies for his larder and accommodation, he jumped at the offer of company.

"Three winters before, my brother had gone trapping away up in the Northwest, gone mad from loneliness and died in the asylum, and as I looked at the lines under the Gilded Rancher's eyes, the droop of the corners of his mouth, and the listless way he moved about the shack, as if everything there made him sick at heart, I knew it only wanted a few more weeks of his own company and he would go forest mad.

"First, the forest beats a man in open fight for the land. Then, when he's down, the trees seem to come crowding in on him, shutting out the sunlight and God's sky. Trees, trees, always trees, until he sees them all the day as an army closing in on him, and hears them even in the darkness of the night as he lies awake on his bed in his lonely shack, listening to the mocking whisperings of thousands and thousands of trees. He feels that they are creeping stealthily up in the night to look with curiosity at this puny animal that had thought to rob them of their inheritance.

"It was Saturday evening when I called in, and as I had nothing to do until I caught the boat for Vancouver on that day week, I presumed on my years and experience. In such matters straight talk is best. I said:

" 'Tarbell, you are making a mess of this job here. The Almighty never intended you to live by the land, and yet you butt in and take on a contract that any skilled bushman would run from. You needn't explain. A coon could see by daylight that you've never been among the tall timber before, and as for clearing, I'll back that you don't know how to set a saw. Now, I've got to put in a week somewhere, and I'm going to put it in here. As it's Saturday night I'll just cook supper now, but on Monday we'll start in and fix you up a garden against next spring.'

"He talked about not liking to take my time and all that sort of guff, but I didn't listen. I went to his larder. It was an old soap box nailed on to the wall. The only meat he had was a piece of half-boiled salt pork that a self-respecting dog wouldn't have touched. Did he get much meat? I asked. No? Well, I had a bit of deer meat with me.

"I laid myself out over that meal until my mouth watered. I touched up the gravy with a drop of rum, and when the fresh, hot deer-meat and hot baked potatoes got into the Gilded Rancher's stomach, and he saw a man sitting opposite him and heard him speaking with a man's voice, the forest madness was driven back from his brain, and once or twice as we talked, and I told yarn after yarn, he laughed.

"As we sat by the stove after supper, I turned to him and said,

" 'I am a plain man, Tarbell, and speak by the card. Now, what are you doing here? My boy, you are trying to bite off a chunk of forest that would snap the teeth of our toughest woodsmen. Take a man's advice, and clear out. You are up against a snag. Get into a city and hold down a job in a store.'

" 'It's awfully good of you to speak as you have,' he said, after a few moments' silence, 'and everything you say about my being green to the work is perfectly correct. But suppose I did leave the ranch and went into the city, what could I do? I have not the faintest idea of any business, and as for bookkeeping, I do not know one side of the ledger from the other. Besides, I have promised not to leave this ranch. I'll tell you what I mean.

" 'The Tarbells are one of the oldest families in the eastern counties, and I am the last surviving male in direct descent. The only other male Tarbell is my cousin Claude, and he is on the female side and only assumed the family name. The Tarbells have always lived above their incomes, until to-day I have the lordly sum of a little over three hundred dollars a year, and my cousin is not much better off. But then he has brains, and I have not. Things would be pretty dark if there were not a brighter side to the shield. My grand-

father married money, but it was fortunately settled on his wife. She is alive to-day, and is a very rich woman. There are just the three of us left, my grandmother, my cousin and myself. My grandmother holds our futures in her hands, and she is an ambitious woman. She it was who paid for my cousin's and my own education, and even sent me on a trip round the world.

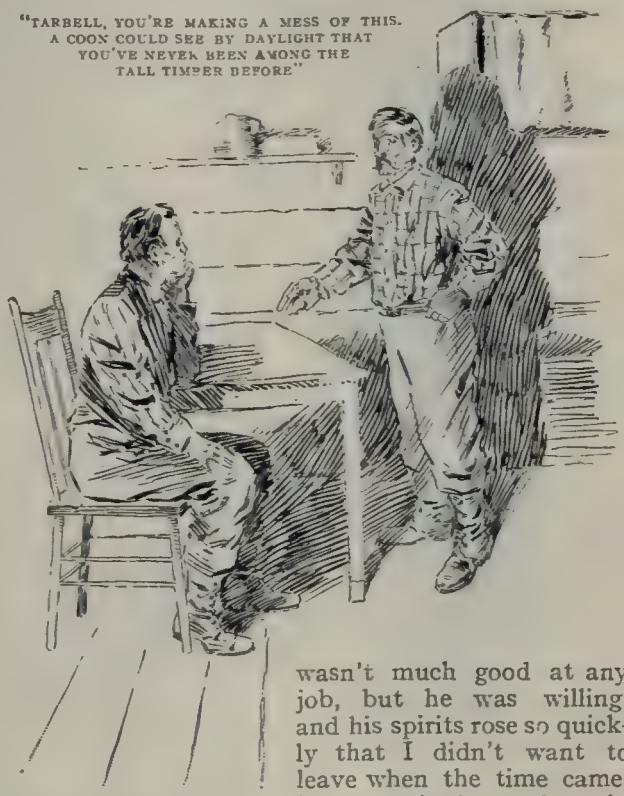
" 'As the head of the family I have always been given the preference, but have not made good. Anyway, after I had gone through Oxford, and wandered about Europe without doing anything, not even getting into a row, my grandmother gave me a lecture.

" 'She was sorry, she said, that I was the head of the family, as I was a fool. She had always feared it, but now she knew it. Still, she must make the best of things, and so, before cutting me off, and placing all her hopes on my cousin, she would give me one more chance. I must go to Canada. British Columbia was the country where men made money, and lived as men should. I must go there and get hardened. When she wanted me she would write, and that would be within three years, as she was getting an old woman, and wanted to see her money winning glory for the family.

" 'I obeyed her orders, as I have always done. What else can I do when I am practically dependent on her for every cent I have? I know no trade or business. Here you see me, and here I must remain until my grandmother writes for me to go home again. As for trying to get a position in a store, my grandmother would cut me right off, I know, if I did so. Of course, ranching is quite another thing. You know what it sounds like in England. To wear the sombrero is still the ambition of all our younger sons.'

" 'Then you've got to put a little ginger into your work,' I said, 'or you won't be worth your freight home. And now it's past midnight, and as I've been on the trail since sunrise, we'll turn in.'

"I stayed a week, and we worked like chipmunks in the fall. Tarbell



"TARBELL, YOU'RE MAKING A MESS OF THIS. A COON COULD SEE BY DAYLIGHT THAT YOU'VE NEVER BEEN AMONG THE TALL TIMBER BEFORE"

wasn't much good at any job, but he was willing, and his spirits rose so quickly that I didn't want to leave when the time came. I had to, but promised to drop in again soon and see how he was making out.

"I picked up a neat little cocker spaniel pup in Vancouver. If a man has got to live alone he should have a dog. When I called in on Tarbell about a month later, I brought the dog.

" 'Say,' I said, 'here's a dog I want you to keep for me; he's too young to go up into the bush. If I'm away when you leave, take him to the Valley Saloon, and ask old Sam to keep him until I come back.'

"I felt kind of happier after that. Now at least, I thought, he has something living to speak to, and some-

thing, too, that can speak to him. In the matter of dogs I'm like Nick Cumings. He says that it isn't that dogs can't talk, but that men are too ignorant to understand them.

"When I returned to the Valley again, after two months in the bush, I heard that the Gilded Rancher was going back to England, and had been down in the settlement asking for me. So I went off to his place, and before I came to his clearing, I guessed the reason for his trip, for he was singing at the top of his voice.

THE GIRL WAS THE ELDEST DAUGHTER OF A RICH MIDLAND MANUFACTURER. THEY HAD THE SHEKELS AND WANTED THE NAME.

"I had heard he was leaving on the next day's boat, and as his shack came in view I saw him through the open door busily nailing down the lid of a large packing case. The Gilded Rancher was certainly going to quit.

" 'My word, I'm glad to see you,' he said. 'My grandmother wants me to go home, and I'm off to-morrow. Hurrah for the Old Country! Yet I'm sorry in some ways, for I'm getting keen on the life, and I'll have to leave "Stumpy." McCarthy, he is the greatest pup ever. Now, I'm going to ask a favor. Of course, the pup is yours, but he knows me, and I don't want to part with him. Will you keep him until I'm settled in England? When I'm fixed there, you send him across, and I'll give you this ranch in exchange. Is it a go?'

"Of course I told him that the dog was his, and that I would look after him. But seeing, after a lot of talk, that he was set on the deal, I agreed to take the place, on condition that nothing was done in the matter until he was settled for life with his grandmother.

"I saw him on to the boat the next morning. He was like a kid going home for the holidays. But he nearly broke down and cried when he said good-bye to Stumpy, and by hell, sir, the dog did the same.

"Then Stumpy and I went up into the forest, and the dog soon began to forget his sorrow in the excitement of guarding camp when the night is pulsing with life. Only in his dreams he would sometimes sob, for it is then that a dog remembers.

"I heard pretty regularly from Tarbell for nearly two years, and always a message for Stumpy. Then he

seemed to begin to forget to write, and soon after that I heard no more.

"At first I didn't worry, but as month after month went by, I began to wonder. Tarbell wasn't the boy to forget old friends among new, and besides, there was the dog. Either Tarbell was dead or in love, and that's pretty well the same thing with regard to what goes on around a fellow.

"When five months had passed without a letter, I decided to step into the shack on my next visit to the settlement and drop Tarbell a line.

"It was the last Friday in October when I saw the shack, and a rain storm was coming up. Things smelt a bit mouldy, but I soon had the stove red-hot, and the shack drying out. Then I turned in.

"When I awoke the next morning the rain was drumming on the shingles and the wind lashing it against the window. There was no break in the leaden sky.

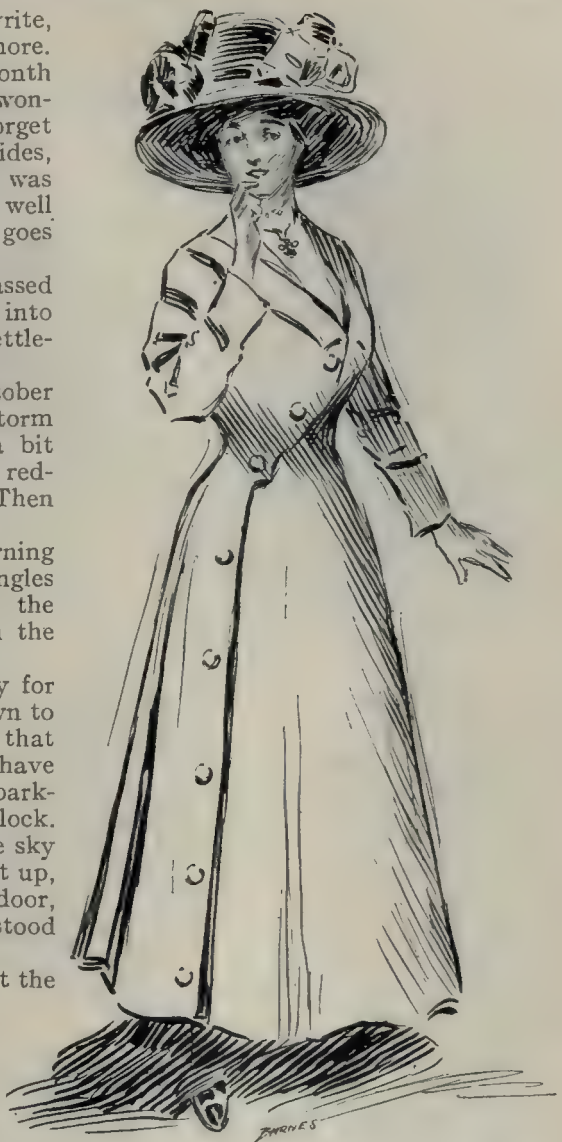
"I got the pen and paper ready for the letter, but could not settle down to it. Anyway, I didn't write it that morning, and after dinner I must have fallen asleep. When Stumpy's barking awoke me it was past five o'clock. The rain had ceased, although the sky was still heavy with clouds. I got up, stretched myself, and opened the door, and there, within ten feet of me, stood the Gilded Rancher.

"It takes a lot to startle me, but the sight of Tarbell coming towards me, and not a word of warning, jolted the breath out of me.

"'Well, I'm damned!' I gasped. That was my greeting to him at his homing, and you would have said the same.

"It was barely three years since I had seen Tarbell leave the shack for England, happy with the thought of seeing the old friends, the old places, the old home again. Now he stood before me, a man with the stuffing knocked out of him, the bitterness of failure in his eyes and dragging walk. I gulped down my feelings and stepped out to meet him.

"'You're a nice kind of fellow,' I said, 'to blow in on a man without even a war-whoop to let him know you're



HE FELL IN LOVE WITH A PENNILESS GIRL, A MISS CRAWFORD, WHO WAS GOVERNESS TO THE YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE

about. You might have caught me stealing your silver or robbing your potato patch.'

"I tried to put a laugh into my voice, but it rang hollow, for I was sick with sorrow.

"Tarbell came forward and took me by the hand. He did not speak, but the shake he gave me told me more than words. We went into the shack, and he sat down on a chair, covering his face with his hands. I stood near

TARBELL'S GRANDMOTHER WAS SITTING IN THE EASY CHAIR, AND A SLIM, DARK-EYED GIRL STOOD BY THE CHAIR, COOKING SUPPER

not knowing what to do. But Stumpy went up to him and tried to push his little black nose between Tarbell's hands. At last the Gilded Rancher began to speak, keeping his face hidden, his head bowed.

"'McCarthy,' he said, 'I've come back because I've failed, because there is no room for me in England. Don't ask me any more now. Some day, when I can bear to, I'll tell you all.'

"Well, sir, I don't want to talk of a man's misery. I hung around on one excuse and another for three weeks, as I was scared for the fellow's reason. When I did leave I got four or five of the settlers to promise to come up and see him. Nick Cumings made the Gilded Rancher go and stay with him for two weeks, and then came and repaid the visit uninvited. Nick always was a funny devil. He told me afterwards that he made a bet with himself that he would make Tarbell laugh. He lost, and he said that for weeks afterwards he would find himself lying awake o' nights listening for Tarbell to sob in his sleep.

"It was nearly two years before I learned gradually, and in wee bits, the story of the Gilded Rancher's failure. He had gone back home, and found favor in his grandmother's eyes. Everything had gone with a swing, and life was becoming a bed of roses, when the storm broke. It appears that, among other things, the old lady had chosen a wife for the Gilded Rancher.

"The girl was the eldest daughter of a rich Midland manufacturer, and as her parents were set on the match her dowry would have been large. They had the shekels and wanted the name. The old people having woven the web, the Gilded Rancher was sent to spend a few weeks at his future father-in-law's house, presumably that he might go through the formality of falling in love with the girl he had got to marry. It was here that the web broke.

"The Gilded Rancher fell in love, but with a penniless girl, a Miss Crawford, who was governess to a young daughter of the house. Then the Gilded Rancher wrote to his grandmother one of those psalms of joy that men write only once.

"He was recalled, and his grandmother stormed, cajoled and raved, but failing to break his will in this one thing, cut him off, and his cousin Claude reigned in his stead.

"Tarbell awoke to find his love dream shattered. The girl had no money, and the Gilded Rancher barely three hundred a year. Also, she was delicate, and he was too true a man to ask her to come out with him, knowing that he could never make a home worthy of her.

"He had not actually told his love, so he did the only thing he could, crept back to his shack in the forest to live alone with his sorrow. Other men would have snapped their fingers in the old beldame's face, and tightening their belts, cut out a home for the girl, laughing all the time.

"But the Gilded Rancher had not got the nerve, grit, call it what you will, and I thank God that he did not marry the girl, thinking that he could win.

"Since then he has lived in his shack. He has not attempted to clear any more land, and the savor of life has gone out of him. I always go there in the spring, and together we fix up a garden. Whenever he goes down into the settlement there is a fight among the farmers as to whose guest he shall be. You see, every child in the valley loves him, and dogs follow him wherever he goes."

McCarthy stopped speaking, and seeing that he had finished his story, I said,

"That's a sad biography as it stands, but I can add another incident to it. You mentioned a Claude Tarbell. About three months ago I saw a notice of his death in a London paper. Reading between the lines, it was easy to guess that the overdose of sulphonel that was the cause had not been taken accidentally. It appeared to have been a choice between that and exposure about some company with which he was connected."

"Well,' McCarthy replied, "it's a dour story, and I always fear the end, the thing I shall see when I go to the Gilded Rancher's shack on one of my visits."

We went about another mile before we sighted the shack. The evening was closing in, the sky heavy with threatening rain clouds. Large drops of rain fell now and again like great tears. As we came nearer a dog barked within the shack, and we heard people talking. As we stopped, a girl laughed, Then the door opened, and a man looked out. He saw us and came forward quickly.

"Hullo, McCarthy," he said, "you've come in the nick of time. I've just been telling my grandmother and Miss Crawford about you. Come right in."

An old lady was sitting in the easy chair, and a slim, dark-eyed girl standing by the stove cooking supper. There were two large corded boxes near the door. We were all soon seated at supper.

"Well, McCarthy," Tarbell said during the meal, "as I am off home again I want you to take this ranch as a souvenir of our friendship."

For answer, McCarthy turned to the old lady. "Will you guarantee, ma'am, that he won't want it back again to live on?" he asked.

"Well," she replied, "as Miss Crawford and he are going to be married and intend settling down in the old family home, I think I can safely do that."

Stumpy, sitting on a chair near Miss Crawford, wagged his tail.

The SCARLET STRAND

BY EDWARD B. WATERWORTH

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY EDWARD ANDERSON

SYNOPSIS

The report comes in to the Montreal papers that several mysterious murders have occurred in the North Shore woods, and the Indians believe some evil spirit in the shape of a wolf is responsible for them. At first little attention is paid to the "scare," but when a hard-headed millionaire leaves his summer cottage and says his wife has been nearly frightened out of her reason by the sight of a mysterious Thing That Limps prowling about the house, the newspapers send representatives to cover the story. Four men and one woman reporter meet on the ground, and under chaperonage of the millionaire's housekeeper take possession of his luxurious cottage, prepared to enjoy a "soft assignment." They learn that all the Indians are leaving the country, and that, as one farmer puts it, "they's somethin' we don't know about up here," but are inclined to think the panic unfounded.

CHAPTER V.

THERE was no delay in any of the party's getting to sleep that night. The very stillness of the northern air, broken only by the rustling of the wind through the surrounding trees and the dull sound of the lake from below the bluff, where the waves beat steadily on the shore, making a muffled boom that acted as a soporific, was enough in itself to insure slumber, even at that unusually early hour. In one of the wings on the first floor. Thompson and Emmett chose a room with two beds, and within a few minutes after rolling between the covers they were asleep. Swanson chose a small apartment on the opposite side of the house with a luxurious lounge therein, and after being plentifully supplied by Mrs. Lawson with the necessary bedclothing, arranged a rough and ready couch for the night and lay dreamily gazing out for a time over the lake. He had selected the room because of its magnificent view, in preference to taking one of the bedrooms—and the big leather lounge on which he stretched himself, to gaze out upon the moonlit waters, marked by the sparkle of the waves, was extremely comfortable. Years before he could recollect some such scenes in his native land, and it was while thinking of these that he finally drifted away into slumber.

Brady remained awake the longest. Like Swanson, he had decided not to choose one of the bedrooms wherein to sleep. But he picked for his place of rest the big sofa which stood under the gallery of the main room. Here he could look out on the broad expanse of moon-washed waters, and could also watch the dull embers of the big fire as they slowly faded and passed away. He placed his revolver beneath his pillow and advised his companions to do the same.

"If anything really is trying to work a bluff game up here, let's be prepared for it," he said.

But although he had intended to sleep lightly, keeping a sort of guard

over the entry to the stairway, he soon fell asleep. And it was Thompson who awoke him the next morning, after a period of absolutely blank slumber. Thompson was attired in a bath robe, and his usually pale face was glowing with exercise and his hair wet from the effects of a dip in the cold water.

"Just went down to have a plunge," he said, "and the lake isn't lukewarm by any means at this season of the year. Better get up, Steve, and get those bedclothes out of the way before Mrs. Lawson and Miss Westemonde come down."

"I'm going to take a dip myself," said Brady, rising and yawning, "but I'm not going to take it in that cold lake. Isn't that bathroom working back here?"

"No pressure in the pipes," said Thompson. "Brandt used to fill the tank back there by a gas engine on the dock that pumped up the water. It's locked in a shed and I guess Mrs. Lawson has keys, but I don't know how to run the thing. I tell you what to do. Take one of those new wash tubs out on the back porch and fill it with water from that artesian well if you just want a plunge."

This substitute for a bath, during which Brady loudly anathematized the extreme coldness of the artesian well, whose small flow evidently came from the bluff still higher than their own site and behind them, was one of the many makeshifts they realized they would have to endure before they left. By the time Nora was downstairs, the men had all dressed and with plenty of jollity proceeded to attend to their breakfast.

"Somebody will have to carry in all the water for Miss Westemonde and Mrs. Lawson,' said Swanson, "and another of us will have to take care of bringing in the wood."

"We haven't any milk except this condensed stuff," announced Mrs. Lawson from the kitchen. "I wonder where we could get some."

Their first caller arrived at this moment in the shape of a bronzed and mounted deputy-sheriff, who came slowly trotting down the long stretch of trees and who willingly accepted their invitation to stay and eat breakfast. He introduced himself as Morton. Also he talked of what he knew about their mission, which was not much. It was evident from his tone that he disbelieved the whole matter.

"I don't pay much attention to what those Indians say," he remarked, making vigorous onslaught on the bacon, "still, we can't just size up this deal. But how are you people goin' to set about finding out anything?"

"That's what we'll have to decide to-day," said Swanson. "About the only way I can see is to divide the territory up among us and cover a certain part each day. We can come back here and report. Then, if anything worth while sending comes in, one of us can make the trip to Iroquois and put it on the wire. It's a long horseback ride—but the man doing it needn't come back that same night. Then, if something turns up while he's away, another can ride in, and so on."

After much debate it was decided to do this, and the meal was ended in laughter over the deficiencies of their menage. Much to Mrs. Lawson's mortification, although plenty of table cloths had been left in the house, there were no napkins and but few towels.

"I sent them all down to be washed before I left," she said, "and nobody's called for them."

But the dearth of such articles was received with hilarity by her guests, and the young sheriff made a suggestion.

"You say you've only got condensed milk," he said. "Why not ride up with me and see if this Chink, who's up to the north of you, can supply you? He's got some cows, I know."

The men exchanged glances.

"We've got to get in touch with everyone in this district," Brady replied. "Maybe they'll keep us posted Tell us something about this Chinaman.'

"All I know is that he came here last spring and bought a tract of land up there. He's got another with him. They've never disturbed anybody. There's nothing to that talk of their putting up a scare to buy more land when the Indians stampeded. They

haven't bought another inch. They've got all they can handle. And," he added with the enthusiasm of a countryman over seeing some fine piece of work in his own line, "they surely have done good hustling for two of them. That's as good land as you can get anywhere for berry bushes. Of course, it's far from Iroquois to work up a market. But it's right on the lake. Just above us you'll see that point sticking out. It's a first class harbor. Lots of the Indians sail in with their Mackinaws, the women pick the wild raspberries, then they sail back to Iroquois and sell them. The Chinks counted on doing the same thing, they tell me. And they'll beat the berry-pickers if they keep on cultivating land the way they do. Why, that old farm they bought was all stump land with second growth timber on it. The way they've cleared it is somethin' wonderful for just two men. The land didn't cost much. They have one tract cleaned out in as neat a style as you ever saw. The old Indian who sold it to them had let a cornfield he planted last spring all grow up in weeds. Take a look at the corn if you're goin' up. It's as nice a set of shocks as you ever saw. They worked over it and got the field into shape."

"Aren't they overlooking a bet in not buying more land during this rush of the Indians away from their places?" asked Brady.

"First thing I asked the Chink when I saw him last," grinned the deputy, "but the pair of them don't want any more land. They've got all they can clear and more. It's no joke getting those stumps out, I can tell you. As I said before, how two of them ever did it beats me. They must work twenty-four hours a day. Yet it don't show on them. When the boss of the ranch drives down either to Cross Village or maybe Iroquois he's always neat and clean. Pays cash for everything—draws it out of the bank when he goes to Iroquois. They're regarded as first-class customers by the storekeepers."

It was decided that Brady should go over with the deputy and visit the Oriental with a possible view to purchasing milk each day.

"He's got horses and I reckon he'll deliver it for you if you can strike a trade," said the deputy, rising with the satisfied expression of a man who has eaten bountifully. "They're only about three miles up from here, I reckon."

"The only thing we can do," said Swanson, "is to map out the country right now and each cover a different route through the woods. I'll ride over to-morrow, after Brady gets acquainted with the Chink up here, and give him the glad hand myself. I'll ride down toward Cross Village. Thompson, suppose you strike out in the woods just west of us here. It's the wildest and looks most promising. Steve can go up beyond the residence of the Heathen Chinee and look over the woods there. I expect we'll find a deputy or two riding about?"

"Yes," said the deputy, "but they all know you 're here. They'll help you out all they can. But I don't just know what you can find," he added with a grin, repeating his disbelief in the story and then confiding in the

"WAKE UP, STEVE!"

party that the young countrymen engaged as deputies were making the occasion more of a frolic through the woods than anything else.

"The sheriff keeps us covering the territory pretty well," he said, "but would you want anything softer than knockin' off work and ridin' around in the open this time of year? The county gets set back $1.25 each day for every one of us and we get our keep at the houses as we go along."

Their horses were found peacefully grazing in the enclosed lot behind the house, which Mrs. Lawson explained had been intended to be turned into the family kitchen garden the next year, and Thompson led Nora's bay horse to the steps of the porch.

"Get right on," he said, "and take a ride with me."

"Surely not," cried Brady, "come on over and see our nearest neighbor with almond eyes. He's the interesting feature."

"Better go down toward the village with me," said Swanson hastily. "It's a beautiful view along the bluff."

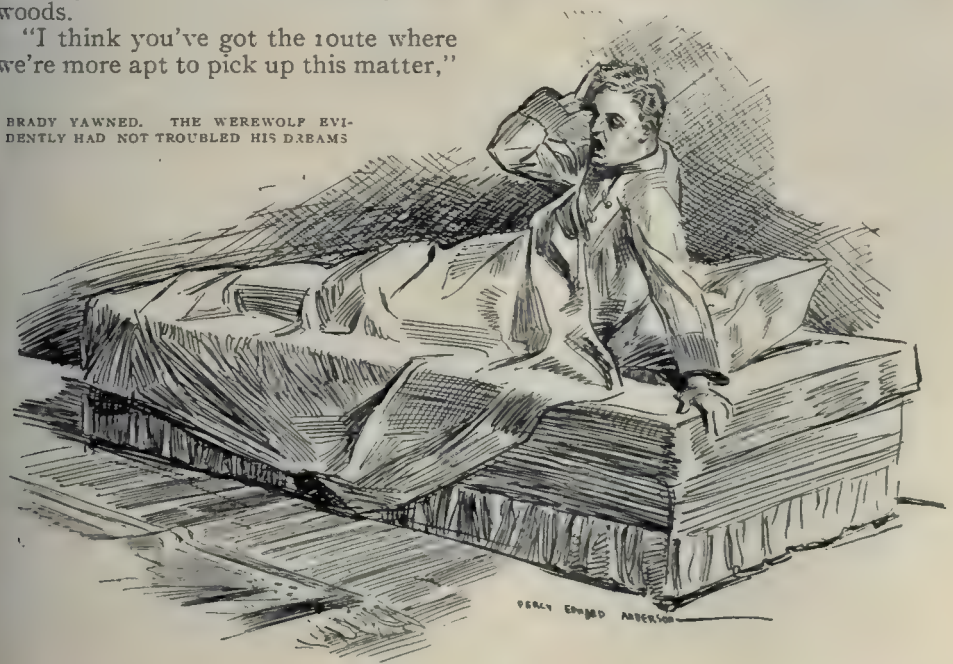
It was Nora who settled the dispute which instantly arose by deciding to go with Thompson. She realized that she ought not to go alone through the woods.

"I think you've got the route where we're more apt to pick up this matter," she said. "We ought to be back before two o'clock if we are to compare notes and get to the wire in time."

"We ought to have brought an auto," remarked Brady in an amused tone to Morton, as he noted the calm lethargy of the animal he was to ride. "That horse looks as if he isn't awake now."

But the application of a stout switch cut from the nearest birch proved effective in making the horse move less leisurely, and Brady thoroughly enjoyed the ride through the woods sniffing at the odor of the leaves now commencing to fall, and the clean, spicy smell in the crisp morning air. When a stretch of the pines would be reached, the odor of their needles filled the air. As the deputy had said, it was indeed worth while to be riding about under such conditions.

It was a ride of four or five miles as Brady estimated it before they finally turned into the side road which led back toward the lake from which they had been gradually drawing away on the main track. With the usual liberality of the countryman in the matter of distances, the deputy had allowed a good addition to every mile. But Brady would not have cared if it had



BRADY YAWNED. THE WEREWOLF EVIDENTLY HAD NOT TROUBLED HIS DREAMS

been twice as far. The thrill of the air had got into his veins, and he he whistled and hummed to himself as he rode along, the deputy quietly sucking away at his blackened pipe.

"Emmett will miss it unless he gets out and hustles about a bit," Brady remarked. "He said he wasn't going to do anything but loaf on that front porch and watch the lake until Thompson told him he needed his services."

Morton nodded.

"You folks from the city," he remarked, "I guess are mighty glad to get away for a rest once in a while; but, see here," he added, pointing to a clearing which broke suddenly on their view, "could you think two men could do that in one summer?"

"I DON'T PAY MUCH ATTENTION TO WHAT THOSE INDIANS SAY," STATED THE DEPUTY

Even Brady could see the contrast to the rough and deserted fields, scattered thinly through the woods through which they had been passing. The house, a simple structure, faced the lake, and they were approaching from the rear. But about it was an expanse of land, showing a neatness and care that none of the tangled little places they had left behind them displayed. Even from their present distance Brady noted the careful fashion in which the fall yield of corn had been piled in shocks, how a large tract evidently meant for garden purposes had been fertilized and harrowed, and the stumps carefully cleared from an additional field now being used as a pasture.

"There's their cows," remarked Brady's companion. "See how sleek they look, too? They haven't got started on their market work yet. They're goin' to raise vegetables next spring besides the berries I was telling you about."

It was a ride of nearly a quarter of a mile through the field, and the deputy pointed out some long, low structures, barely projecting above the ground, which were close against the rear of the house.

"Mushroom cellars," he explained. "They're goin' to try that, too. I told them it was too cold here. He said not. Said they had to be raised in the dark, in special beds."

As the reporter drew near the house a slender figure, clad in American garb, stepped out on the porch, bowing in recognition at the deputy but glancing at Brady in a curt fashion, his eyes slinking narrowly into an expression in which the reporter thought there was something vaguely hostile. But his words were courteous enough and couched in clear English, with a slight accent.

"So you're a reporter," he said with a faint smile. "Well, nothing has frightened us out yet. Yes," he added, as he noted his visitors eyeing him curiously, "I've cut off my queue and taken up what we call the Melican clothes. I worked in a chop suey place for a couple of years as waiter. Newspaper men used to eat there."

He made no effort to move nor did he ask them to alight. He simply stood before them on the porch, glancing from one to the other with quick, catlike flashes of his eyes, although the same steady smile was always on his face.

"There's nothing unusual in our being here," he said, in reply to a question from Brady. "We simply got a chance to get this land cheap. We're going to ship when we get our gardens started. It's fine soil."

Even when the deputy broke into lavish praise of the work done on the place, exclaiming that it was the quick-

est clearing up of a tract he had ever heard of, the Chinaman never changed expression at his compliments.

"We'd buy more land—me and Wah Tow, my partner—Chinamen work hard. But we've got no more money," he said simply.

To Brady's request for milk he smiled politely and declined.

"We've got a contract in Toronto for all the cheese we can make," he said. And in spite of Brady's explanations of the needs of the situation and the added requests of Morton, he remained obdurate. It was with some irritation, therefore, that the pair rode back through the lane to the main road. When they reached it, Morton pulled up.

"I'm goin' a couple of miles north to report to the sheriff," he said. "Want to go along or ride over this section?"

Brady decided to make himself familiar with the neighboring woods before leaving the district, and Morton wheeled his horse northward.

"Don't go too far from the road and you won't get lost," he said. "I'm goin' to borrow a fresh horse from a friend of mine up here and I'll be back by your way this evenin'. Maybe I'll stop in."

"Do," said Brady cordially, "we will be glad to see you."

It was close to two o'clock, after a long and searching prowl through the woods, where he had to keep avoiding the overhanging branches of the trees by bending low in his saddle, that Brady returned to the house. For the last mile of his journey he had been reflecting thoughtfully and riding at a slow walk. Swanson was already at the house when he reached it.

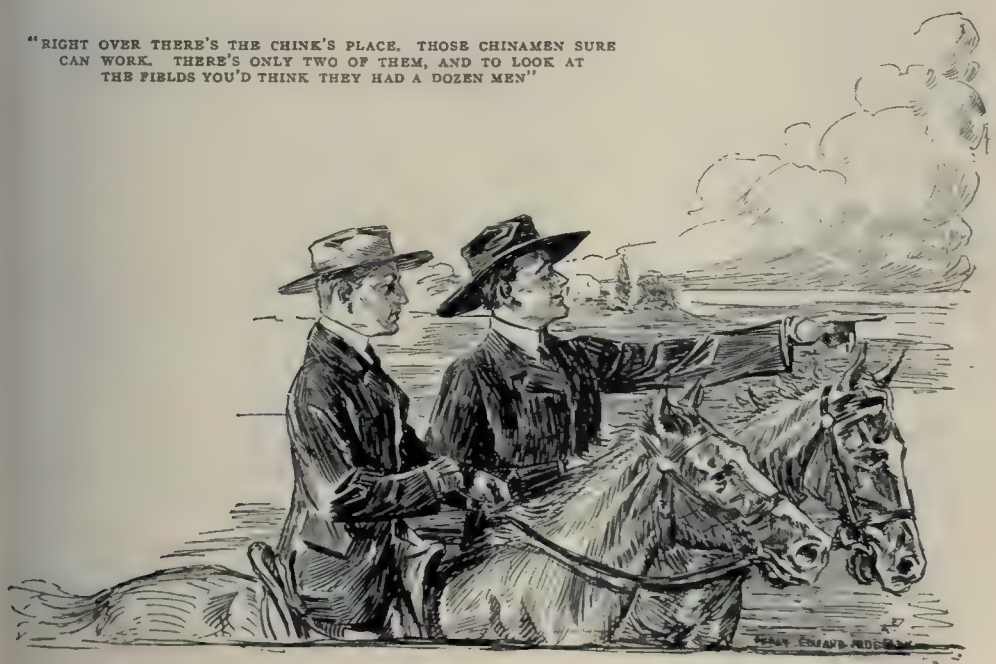
"Couldn't find anything," said Swanson, "and from the way you come riding up here I see you didn't either."

"Eric," said Brady, without replying to the question, "are you going over to see that Chink to-morrow?"

"I intended to," replied Swanson.

"Well, notice one peculiar thing about him," said Brady, still thoughtfully. "He and one assistant are supposed to have cleaned up an entire tract, which astonishes even the farmers. To root up those tree stumps is about the hardest kind of manual labor. Yet I saw his hands as he rested them on the rail. They are soft, and the nails are as well kept as mine."

"RIGHT OVER THERE'S THE CHINK'S PLACE. THOSE CHINAMEN SURE CAN WORK. THERE'S ONLY TWO OF THEM, AND TO LOOK AT THE FIELDS YOU'D THINK THEY HAD A DOZEN MEN"



CHAPTER VI.

It was scarcely half an hour before Thompson and Nora were seen cantering down the avenue to the house and laughingly confessed that they, too, had found nothing of note, but that they had encountered the sheriff and had found him affable in the extreme.

"He's a big, genial fellow," said Nora, "and we invited him to pay us a call. He said he might drop over to-morrow. His men are a few miles above this place, it seems. They have gone over this district pretty thoroughly."

"Well, there'll be some talk about soft assignments at the other end of several telegraph wires to-night," said Brady. "There's absolutely nothing more I can see to do to-day unless we each write up a description of the scenery and send it down to Iroquois, putting lots of local color in and all that sort of thing—sheriff active—country-side aroused—Indians pulling out. The only trouble is we'd have to neutralize it all if something really did turn up. To make a real, grewsome story we've got to have the weird surroundings—ghostly shadows, and all, even if I did say coming up in the wagon that we ought to have a different scenic effect. Then the country-side isn't aroused, even if there are a few deputies cruising around. The white people all laugh at the story, Morton tells me."

Mrs. Lawson had as bountiful a spread awaiting them as could be wished. Swanson had purchased some additional supplies, including fresh eggs and some fresh vegetables, at Cross Village. He had carried them across his horse's neck, slung in a sack, and there was a shriek of laughter when it was found nearly all the eggs were broken. Enough remained to give an ample dinner, however. There was no need to hurry over the repast, and the meal passed off in leisurely fashion, Brady's assortment of canned fruits being received with great approval.

"It's a bit late for the berry season," said Mrs. Lawson, "but I'll ride over to the Blagdons' to-morrow and can get you a supply of home-made preserves there, if one of you will lend me a horse. Miss Nora might as well stay here and play tennis to-morrow and I'll use her horse. It's likely I can bring back some milk, too. What do you think of that Chink?" she added in an exasperated tone, for Brady had reported his failure.

"I'm going over to meet the gent to-morrow," said Swanson. "Maybe I can throw a line of talk into him that will make him change his mind. But even if we've got nothing to write, I think one of us had better ride to Iroquois to-night and see if there are messages for any of us. The offices may have found out that the whole thing is a hoax sent out from some other district of the county."

"I'll ride down and stay overnight," said Brady. "What's worrying me is how fat Emmett is bound to get. He tells me he just sprawled on the porch all day long."

"That's what I intend to keep on doing," said the photographer placidly, helping himself to more canned peaches. "I lay in that big rocking chair all day watching the lake. It's up to you fellows to locate this beast I'm to photograph, and then I'll get busy."

With many exclamations over the necessity of having to write out a short dispatch with lead pencil, instead of the accustomed typewriter, a dispatch was prepared for each paper and consigned to Brady, who shortly took his departure. After a vain effort to induce Emmett to make up a four-handed set for tennis, on the cinder court behind the house, Nora alternated throughout the greater part of the afternoon in playing with Thompson and Swanson. The younger members of the Brandt family had left their equipment behind, and the temperature was ideal for the game. The grounds, which had been deserted the previous day, now resounded with laughter and the sound of the balls as they thudded about the court, each player making remarks meant to be humorously satirical on the lack of skill shown by the others.

"Isn't it glorious up here?" cried Nora, panting, as she rested from one set, her brown hair blowing about her face, "we can even get a lot of golf

clubs out of the cuddy under the hall. It's just right for golf. And even if Mr. Brandt didn't have time to put in his links, we can make a little one for ourselves."

In spite of their recent meal, the exercise of the afternoon had made them all hungry, even Emmett doing full justice to the spread when they gathered around the lamp-lit table. Nora had lighted the big piano lamps and those swung from the rafters, and the soft lights thrown by their tinted shades, combined with the ruddy glow of the fire, made the room as cozy a place as could be found. The mere fact that a sharp wind arose from the lake, making the porch too cool to sit on in the fall air, emphasized the comfort of their room as it whistled around the house.

"I guess that wind sounds weird enough when one is alone in the dark woods on a night like this," said Swanson, glancing out at the clouds which were commencing to scud slowly across the moon; "we're going to have rain soon. Inside here, the mere moaning of that wind makes one feel better."

Cards and music made the time pass rapidly, and it was only as it became more and more impossible to stifle their yawns that they finally looked at each other and laughed.

"Can't help it if it is only eight-thirty," said Emmett, "I admit I'm tired. I'd like to get to bed, and I think I'll turn in."

"I'm right about the rain being on the way," said Swanson, pointing out of the window. "See those clouds up there."

When they had first seated themselves, the sky had been illumined by a moon so brilliant that it seemed as if it was shining down from some huge reflector set in the center of a vast mirror in which the stars were dimmed and shone but faintly. Now, hurrying down on the wind, came clouds—not heavy, but in small groups, one of which passed over the face of the orb, showing a significant facing of black as it crossed. Swanson walked to the front window and looked out.

"Many's the time I've seen it just this way across the water," he said.

"Well," said Emmett, yawning, refusing to be enthusiastic, "I'm going to——"

But Swanson, who had stepped to the door and opened it to get a farewell breath of the cool night air, suddenly turned sharply.

"Hush! What's that?" he exclaimed.

With one accord they stepped hurriedly toward the door. Over the noise of the breeze a sound came to their ears which was not of the night—a dull thudding for which they could not account. Then, as the gust of fitful wind died down to almost a complete calm, the sound changed suddenly to a furious but distant rattle. The party glanced at each other with wide open eyes.

"It's a galloping horse and he turned from the road on to that gravel drive," said Swanson calmly, his hand behind the door and grasping Thompson's rifle which stood there, "and he's coming his hardest."

"Oh, is it—is it—oh, do you suppose it can be Mr. Brady?" gasped Nora.

The same thought had struck them all, and Swanson's lips curled back grimly as he stepped to the porch to get in the shadow where he could see more clearly. "If it's Brady——," he muttered.

All the party had left their weapons lying on the lounge where Brady had slept, and they slipped quickly back and grasped them.

"Stand back from the door, Miss Westemonde and Mrs. Lawson," said Thompson, then stepped outside into the shadow beside Swanson.

But the desperately flying hoofs were already thundering up the drive to the house door, and as the furiously ridden and exhausted horse dashed out into the circle of fitful moonlight with a figure crouched on its back, all, with a gasp of relief, saw that the animal was dark in color, while Brady had departed on his grey.

There was no time for thought, however. Ridden to the very foot of the stairs leading to the porch at such a gait that it could not stop, but slid with a crash into the portico, the animal was unable to keep its feet and

rolled over with a gasp. And at the same minute, as if impelled by some violent force from the rear, the figure on its back sprang erect and fairly hurtled up the steps—only to be met by the tall frame of Swanson, who with the muzzle of his rifle advanced and his finger on the trigger, propped off the impact with ease, his heavy body hardly quivering under the collision which sent the form down gasping.

"Cover him with your gun, Thompson," said Swanson calmly, handing the weapon behind him to where Thompson, slipping his pistol into his pocket, grasped it, "let's look at our guest."

But he had hardly placed a hand on the collar of the man, who lay half way in the shadow, than he started back with astonishment.

"Why, it's Morton," he cried. "Speak up, man! What's the matter? Hurry up and tell us!"

But, gasping from his flight and the shock of dashing against the muzzle of the rifle, the deputy could only sob excitedly.

"Oh, let me in, let me in! I've seen it—is that it?" and with a hysterical hand pointed at the roadway he whimpered like a child. His big countryman's frame was shaking as though he had palsy, and in the light from the window it could be seen that it was bathed in sweat, in spite of the chill of the night, while the corners of his mouth jerked convulsively.

"Emmett, stay with the women," ordered Swanson, jerking the rifle from Thompson's hand and leaping over the railing of the porch, "if anything is there——" His voice died away in the crunching of his shoes on the gravel walk as he ran toward the drive by which Morton had come.

"Around the other way, Thompson," yelled Emmett, "there may be something coming from that side or behind!"

The photographer's lethargy had dropped from him now. With a single leap he jumped inside the door, grasping the shotgun from the lounge, and spoke rapidly to the two frightened women. The deputy had darted into the room behind him with another whimper of fright, and Emmett paused just long enough to take from his shaking hand a revolver, which he uncocked and slipped into his own pocket.

"If you rode through the dark that way with this thing at full cock," he said, "you needn't be afraid of anything. There's some providence watching over you. Miss Westemonde, you and Mrs. Lawson get behind that screen where you can't be seen from the outside. Turn out the piano lamp when you get there."

He had already slammed two shells into the double barrel and snapped it shut.

"I'll be right here if you need me," he said reassuringly as he stepped to the porch, "I'm just going to cover up any retreat that's needed." And he raised the gun as footsteps sounded on the grass, coming at a run from the rear. It was Thompson.

"I've circuited the house as far back as the arbor," he panted. "There's not a sign of anything back there—

'BUT WHEN THE CAPE FLAPPED BACK FROM ITS FACE, I SAW——I CAN'T TELL YOU WHAT I SAW, BUT IT WEREN'T OTHING HUMAN "

and the moon was bright at the time. What was it he saw?"

"That's what we've got to find quick," shouted Swanson. who had come back at a run from the drive. "There's nothing down there by the grove. Emmett, just stay out here with that shotgun. Thompson, lock the doors behind if they aren't locked already. Put the women in one of those rooms that are still shuttered. I'll talk to the deputy."

But when Thompson darted back from the kitchen after reporting all available openings closed, Swanson was already shaking the man in angry impatience, vainly trying to get some intelligible words out of him. He seemed simply mad with fright. The big wire screen, that had been moved partly away from the roaring blaze in the fireplace, where they had started to replenish the fire, had been shoved still further back by the man. He had forced himself so far into the huge opening, which was nearly shoulder high, that the rear of his clothing was already smoking. He was cowering and gazing at the window with a look of most abject terror. Swanson grasped him roughly by the shoulders and dragged him behind the screen as though he was a child.

"STAY BEHIND THE SCREEN, NORA. IF ANYTHING'S OUT THERE, IT CAN'T SEE YOU HERE"

"If there's anything out there,' he said, "you're making a fine target of yourself. Get over here in the dark."

Thompson had returned with a glass of whiskey, but it was obvious that the shaking hands of the huddled creature in the chair where Swanson had flung him could never hold it to his lips. Thompson did it for him and it was gulped down as though it had been water.

"I'm glad so many of the windows have their winter shutters up," said Swanson grimly, "but we're mighty vulnerable in front. We can never block that big window. If any marauders really are about—and if they wanted to set fire to a place like this—" He shrugged his shoulders, but snapped the safety catch on his rifle. For a few minutes it was so still, as a lull came in the breeze, that the moan of the lake below could not still the sound of the rapid breathing of the women in the room behind them or the heavy panting from outisde, where the gasping of the deputy's horse could be heard. Emmett, who had leaped down

the stairs to crouch against the front of the porch, where he was completely in shadow, was near the animal as it struggled to its feet. Still keeping his gun ready, with his hand in the trigger guard, he reached over and jerked open the buckle of the girth, flinging the saddle on the ground, pulling off the bridle without stopping to unbuckle the frail throat latch, which snapped easily. Then he slapped the horse on the flank with his hand and the animal limped away.

"He was making a little too much noise for me to hear anything coming," reflected Emmett grimly.

Inside the house Swanson and Thompson again turned to Morton. Swanson noted him keenly. Finally he spoke quietly.

"Now tell us what you saw," he said in a kindly voice. "You're with friends."

The absolute calm of the big man seemed to have as much effect on the deputy as the liquor. He straightened himself up, a faint tinge of color came into his cheek and his feverish panting ceased. He shook his head to show he understood.

"I've seen men taken to the city hospital in that shape," said Thompson, eyeing him with professional interest.

Swanson interrupted impatiently as soon as he saw the deputy could speak.

"Now, Morton, don't be afraid," he said. "Tell us what you saw."

"I was comin' from up north," said the deputy brokenly, with a voice that shook as if he was on the point of tears, "and had stayed a bit later than I had reckoned on. It comes on dark up here early, too. I had told Mr. Brady I was comin' down this way to-night, but as I seen the rain comin' on I thought I'd ride ahead. I had ridden about half a mile down past the entry here——" he gulped and stopped for a minute. The others let him take his time.

"I was just near that clump of birches," he continued, after he had his voice under control, "when I seen something moving. My horse was goin' easy and not making no noise—so it didn't seem to see me. I pulled up the horse and waited. It was dark where I was. I got the gun—ready—"

He commenced to gulp again, and only the sounds of the wind and the lake and the breathing of the women could be heard.

"There was a patch of moonlight just above me," went on Morton, "and I aimed to call it to hold up its hands. But as it stepped out about thirty feet away I noticed it seemed like an old man. It had on a long, black sort of coat and cape wrapped close about it. But I could see how thin it was and that it seemed lame——"

He shook again and covered his eyes with his hand.

Swanson and Thompson glanced at each other.

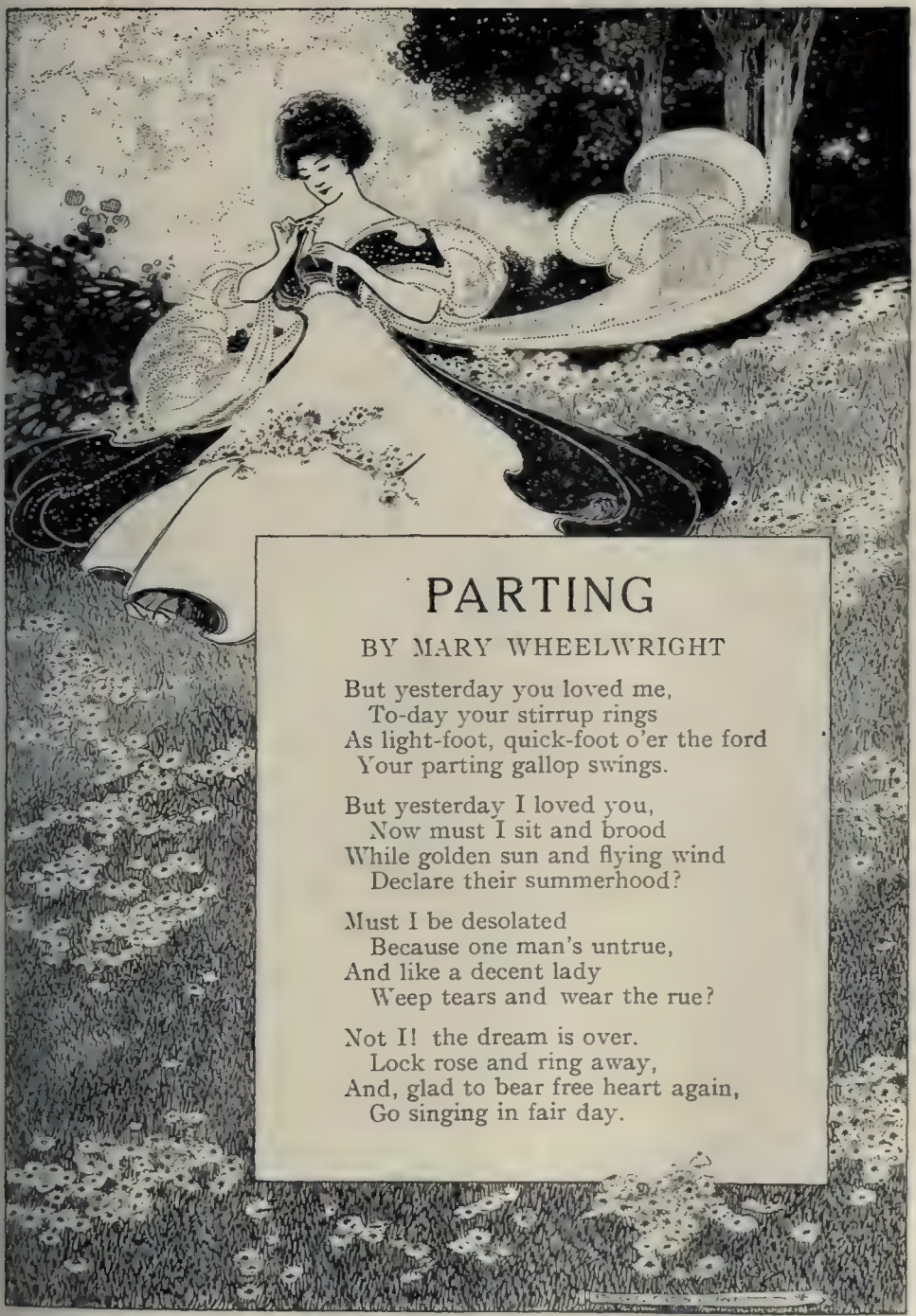
"The thing that hirples on one foot," murmured Thompson softly.

"And just as I got ready to sing out it saw me—the moon was bright where it was walking. I couldn't see much below the knees—but when it stopped short"—the man's voice rose to a pitch of terror at the recollection—"it threw up its arms—and the cloak flapped back—and it didn't have no feet! It had paws like a big dog wrapped up in a cloak—and as it jumped back at the sight of me I could tell it hadn't no hands."

He gulped as if suffocating.

"But when the cape flapped back from the face—I saw—I saw—I can't tell you what," he said, breaking into a paroxysm of nervous weeping, "but it weren't nothing human. It was more like the head of a wolf!"

To be continued



PARTING

BY MARY WHEELWRIGHT

But yesterday you loved me,
To-day your stirrup rings
As light-foot, quick-foot o'er the ford
Your parting gallop swings.

But yesterday I loved you,
Now must I sit and brood
While golden sun and flying wind
Declare their summerhood?

Must I be desolated
Because one man's untrue,
And like a decent lady
Weep tears and wear the rue?

Not I! the dream is over.
Lock rose and ring away,
And, glad to bear free heart again,
Go singing in fair day.

Squinting Through Transits In The Selkirk Range

By Nathan A. Bowers

"FRED, I say, Fred." Hal came bounding upstairs two at a time waving an open letter. "We're to go to Vancouver at once. Warren has got us places on a surveying crew that's going up on the new line."

Fred turned a clouded face toward his impetuous chum. "Send us away up into Canada? Can't he put us anywhere nearby so we could run into town occasionally?"

"But he says this is a rare chance for experience and that practice in railroad location is just what we need."

When it really came to a question of experience, Fred was as loyal to his profession as was Hal, and the two were soon discussing the letter that offered a new field of work.

Hal Taylor and Fred Conroy were young draughtsmen in the employ of a Seattle contracting firm of which their guardian, Mr. Warren, was senior partner. Warren had promised the boys advancement after they had seen a season of field work, and now wisely decided to let them try their mettle in the mountain divisions of the new railroad.

Fred grumbled a little at first about giving up the conveniences of a city life, but that promise of advancement was attractive, and besides, he quickly caught some of Hal's enthusiasm about the new road.

A week later found them in Vancouver with a letter to Mr. Wilson, the engineer in charge of the party. They found Wilson to be a tall, broad-shouldered man of about fifty, with rather stern features and abrupt manner, but with something in his kindly blue eyes that impressed the boys strangely, so that even while he shook hands with them, they found he already had their admiration and respect. He soon drew from the boys that they had a rather vague idea about the personal outfit needed for a three months' trip, and before they realized that it was a favor, he had taken them to an outfitter's and was helping them select just such articles as they would find necessary. Inexperienced as they were, they recognized in his quiet suggestions a master knowledge of camp and trail, and under his direction arranged a complete yet light and compact blanket roll and "war bag."

A few days later, when the sleepers of the limited pulled out of Vancouver, Mr. Wilson's party of five settled themselves in the day coach for a last glimpse of finished roadbed. The long line of coaches swung steadily along the Fraser and rumbled evenly onward over bridge and through cut as the morning broadened into noontide. Occasionally they caught sight of the winding track ahead that suggested the hundreds of miles of steel ribbon reaching on and on through ranges and across prairies to the very shores of the Atlantic, and even Hal's enthusiastic nature was awed by the magnitude of a project which would build through unknown canyons to the far north another roadway such as this to connect ocean to ocean.

Together the boys talked of the difficulties of the work, and of the care necessary to the best selection of routes, and suddenly they really ap-

preciated the great responsibility entrusted to the chief of the party. Mr. Wilson was holding earnest conversation with the transitman and leveller, and on the faces of these three there was stamped the quiet, untiring energy that marks the "Empire Builder" of the west. It seemed to Hal and Fred as if these men across the aisle, now so intently following an unmarked trail on the map, opened to them the portal of a new world wherein they might enter only if they could attain the standard of excellence demanded of a true modern pioneer.

Thus, with a broader interest in the proposed work, they climbed down to the station platform at North Bend with every faculty eager to make good from the very outset.

Mr. Wilson was at once met by a trim little French-Canadian dressed in blue shirt, corduroys and laced boots, who was introduced to the boys as Francois Payne. Later it developed that Francois was a sort of assistant to Mr. Wilson and superintendent of transportation and supplies. Just now he was assuring the chief that all had been arranged and that the pack train could start at once "if monsieur was in readiness."

"Monsieur" was only too anxious to be off, and as it only remained to load the personal outfit of the party, everybody, including the two hostlers and two tapemen with Francois, set willingly to work to get away from the settlement before nightfall. Hal and Fred lent a hand where they could, and watched closely the unfamiliar process of packing the instruments on the ponies and cinching each securely with the diamond hitch.

At least for two pair of eyes there hung over all the preparation the atmosphere of adventure, but unmindful of this the men went quietly about their work with the calm assurance of long experience. Hal and Fred looked about them, at the score of patiently waiting pack-horses, the group of saddle ponies, and lastly toward the almost unknown wilderness into which their trail led, and they felt that there to the northward lay the opportunities of a lifetime, and again their pulses quickened as the call of the hills stirred within.

When Mr. Wilson gave the word to start the boys took their places in the little cavalcade with keen pleasure—for they were experienced horsemen—and with Francois at the head of his pack train the party moved away from the last of civilization that they were to see for months.

From North Bend the trail follows up the general course of the Fraser, across one hundred and seventy-five miles of ruggedness to the Chilcotin Creek Station, and to this point Francois was taking a consignment of supplies. From Chilcotin the actual work of the survey would commence—this was in 1909—the party heading for Fort George, and before this time Mr. Wilson hoped to get the boys "broken in" to the surveyor's camp life. He had hesitated before listing two new men for so long and rough a trip, but the remainder of the party were all seasoned mountaineers, and Warren had highly recommended the boys for this work.

The young surveyor has much to learn on his first trip afield, but if he has the true spirit of the pathfinder he will meet the hardships cheerfully and draw from the life a keen, live pleasure never felt by the most successful office man. Mr. Wilson was always ready with a word of advice or direction to the boys, and they quickly fell into the camp routine. The party moved rapidly, and as the men were none too many for the number of horses the days were busy ones indeed, but the fresh spring air was sweet in the nostrils, and it seemed good to be alive, to push on always deeper into the heart of nature and to camp each night under the free, limitless dome of heaven.

The weather held clear, good progress was made, and Francois often expressed the general spirit of the party in a rollicking song which would break the silence of some rocky canyon and echo back a cheering call. Sometimes at the camp fire he would tell of the long and careful search for the best route from the Yellowhead Pass through that vast sea of mountains

which bars the prairies from the Pacific, and at such times he always had two eager listeners. Francois had long been in the employ of the Grand Trunk Pacific as a packer, and he knew of all the hardihood and dauntless courage that had carried the engineers first along one stream and then another in the determination to locate an ideal line across the backbone of the continent.

When the party reached the Chilcotin Station, and Mr. Wilson rallied his little crew for the serious business of the season, there were no "green hands" among his men.

Hal and Fred had learned their part in the camp life remarkably well, and it only remained for them to take up a new phase of a familiar line of work.

* * * * * * * *

Toward the end of June the little settlement at Fort George supply station turned out to see a party of surveyors "tie up" the survey of the Vancouver branch line with the main trunk route. As the tapeman called out the last plus to a stake of the main line, a cheer rose from the little band of watchers, and a few hours later the first or transit party joined in another hearty greeting as the level party came up and read the check elevation on the final "Bench Mark." The leveller carefully recorded the reading and then gave voice to three full-toned answering cheers that could never have come from the Hal—for this was Hal—of the Seattle office. The chief smiled indulgently at the young leveller's enthusiasm, for in the bronzed features and sturdy form he saw a man in every way superior to the lad of Warren's recommendation.

There had been many difficulties in the long run from Chilcotin; they had encountered some bad weather, spring floods had barred the progress of the work, and in crossing the Fraser near Quesnell the original leveller had met with an accident and returned to North Bend with the supply train.

Like Hal, Fred had also developed into a clear-eyed, competent master of the surveyor's field life, and little by little had helped Mr. Wilson with the draughting until now it could be entrusted entirely to his care.

Thus the Ft. George people saw in this party simply another band of "pathfinders" that they knew as a hardy, capable class of men, and when the corps was divided and a portion sent out on the main line with the names of Wilson, Taylor and Conroy in the important positions, the matter caused no comment. Francois, always on the trail with his supply train, was heading up the Fraser to meet Chief Engineer Vance, and so it was with Francois again in the lead that Hal and Fred set out on a new and more important mission—the work on the main line of which they had heard from Francois with such spellbound interest.

Four days they rode eastward, camping nightly in open valleys, where there was feed for the horses, and from daylight to dark hurrying ever onward beside the boisterous Fraser. Arriving at Goat Creek Station, Francois and his men continued on, leaving Mr. Wilson's party of seven to take up the work of re-running the line from that point to where they should meet Vance.

At first Mr. Wilson watched the boys carefully to hold them down to the more exact requirements of the main line, but knowing that young surveyors do not often reach positions of trust so quickly, they kept such careful check on their work that he soon left all routine to them.

The evenings were occupied in copying notes and plotting the line run that day, but there were odd moments in which the chief could talk with his two trusted assistants, and together they discussed the wonderful possibilities of the country to be opened up by the new road. Mr. Wilson was of the opinion that even though careful prospecting developed no rich mineral deposits, the road would undoubtedly make possible great low-grade ore enterprises, such as were started in the Kootenay district when the railroad came. Thus far little prospecting had been done, and it was only known that the region was mineralized to some extent.

As the long July days browned the grass of the open slopes, the party

moved steadily on up the valley of the Fraser. The drowsy languor of the southern summer was unknown here, and man and beast worked with a lively energy, refreshed each night by the cool, fragrant air from the spruce forests of the Cariboo Range.

Pitching camp late one afternoon there came to them the sound of a distant voice, immediately answered by another. A few moments later they heard more plainly: "Twenty-seven, eighty-four," and the answering call of "Twenty-seven, eighty-three." It was the tapemen of Vance's party calling to each other the numbers of their respective stations. Long before they came up Vance himself appeared, and at once the two party chiefs were in consultation.

That night the two parties camped together, and as soon as the evening's work could be finished the men gathered round a roaring camp fire to discuss the news of the trail. Vance's party were, almost to a man, of that broad-shouldered, lithe-limbed type of westerner that makes the typical "pathfinder," and in the former Seattle boys there was now nothing to prevent their ranking as equals.

Presently Mr. Wilson looked out of the "office tent" to call Hal and Fred, and as they entered, the keen glance of Chief Engineer Vance went over each of them carefully. On the table was spread the official map of the Province, and after commending the boys in a very brief way, Vance explained that Mr. Wilson had chosen them to be his assistants on a rapid reconnoissance down Canoe River to the Columbia and thence direct to Revelstoke. He outlined the general route for them, offered a few suggestions as to supplies, and then, addressing Mr. Wilson as well, warned them to make Revelstoke before winter weather set in if possible. After giving the boys a few moments to realize their new promotion and ask any questions, he advised them to turn in at once and get an early start in the morning.

Two days later saw the three engineers—for the term might now be applied to Mr. Wilson's two well-trained assistants—at the headwaters of Canoe River ready for the long hasty run to Revelstoke. Altogether there were only four in the little party, it being thought necessary to cut down the number of men to the minimum. The proposed work was a rough topographical survey of the valleys of Canoe and Columbia Rivers, and consisted chiefly in verifying and adding details to the land office maps.

In company with Mr. Wilson, Hal soon became an adept at making his way up the rough ridges and peaks to where they might read angles and barometric instruments while Fred remained below to calculate and map out data already taken, or attend to the moving of camp. The new work suited the boys admirably, and the freedom from routine and the privilege of being more closely associated with that past master in wood craft, Mr. Wilson, made the work pleasant indeed. And thus continuing down the east bank of the Columbia, just skirting the foothills of the Selkirks, all ran smoothly until they were within some sixty miles of Revelstoke.

The middle of August had been rather cool for comfort, and signs of an early winter made Mr. Wilson a little anxious, but they hurried on, hoping to complete the work before the snow actually came. They had just moved camp across French Creek and were planning a two days' climb to a peak that promised a comprehensive view of the valley when the first hard storm of the winter broke upon them with a howl of triumph.

Fortunately it was only a three hour trip to the mining properties of a large American hydraulic company, and knowing of this, Mr. Wilson directed his men into "storm quarters" until the weather should moderate.

When they ventured forth a week later, there were eight inches of snow on the trail and eighteen on the ridges, but the weather seemed settled clear and cold, and Mr. Wilson decided to attempt to complete the survey.

Work along the river was bad enough but up in the high ridges it was slow, freezing toil that would soon dishearten the hardiest. Some ridges were impassable, and these they avoided as

best they could, getting their data from the more easily accessible points. At best it was a hard struggle, and it required all the reserve force of the two young assistants to keep cheerfully at work. Nevertheless, their long months of training had not been in vain, and they always had a cheery response to a word of encouragement from the chief.

The peculiar nature of this survey which necessitated so much climbing was extremely ill suited to early winter, and when the work had been painfully pushed for another ten days, bringing them within some forty miles of Revelstoke, a second heavy storm broke over the Selkirks, and Mr. Wilson reluctantly ordered the party in.

Upon reaching Revelstoke they found to their surprise that the land office had just completed a series of timber claim surveys that could be made to answer at least in part for the survey which the weather had prevented. At once Mr. Wilson sent a report to headquarters in Edmonton asking for orders, and Hal wrote Mr. Warren telling of the completion of the season's work. All three then set to work to convert the land office data into railroad form and await word from their respective chiefs.

The reply from Warren was highly complimentary, reminding them that such rapid rise was extremely unusual. He offered them the best positions in railroad work that the firm then controlled, and mentioned that as they were now both of age, they might make any other choice they wished. All through the work in the hills the boys had taken it as a matter of course that they would return to the Seattle office when the season's work was over, and only now that the time had come did they consider any other plan.

Sunday afternoon Mr. Wilson suggested a walk, and without any definite object they climbed the trail leading to the red water tank on the hill just north of the little town. Here, as if by common impulse, the three seated themselves and gazed silently across the Columbia—beyond the distant ridges and up to where Mt. Begbie rose in all its majesty above the wreathing storm mists. From the very first glimpse of this white mantled peak it had held a fascination for the boys, and as they watched it now in its partially veiled and ever changing beauty, it seemed to speak to them in the voice of the ranges—the voice that inspired love for the arduous toil of the uplands and to the voice that calls to the hills their own.

They remained thus motionless and silent until the sun, breaking through a rift in the clouds, poured a flood of light into the wooded canyons over toward Eagle Pass and reflected in sparkling brilliance from every snow-laden fir.

As if awakening suddenly from enchantment, Fred turned toward Hal, and speaking in a voice full of feeling, quietly expressed his determination to refuse that Seattle offer and to remain here in the land he had learned to love. Instantly his hand was in Hal's strong grip, and in the eyes of the two friends there shone the light of a mutual understanding.

Mr. Wilson had evidently been awaiting something, and he now drew out an official envelope and handed the boys a typewritten sheet. At the bottom was the signature of Chief Engineer Vance. The body of the letter contained directions to Mr. Wilson, but the last paragraph stated that there was room in the Prince Rupert office for Mr. Taylor and Mr. Conroy if they cared to accept positions there until next season's field parties were made up.

For a moment the boys had forgotten Mr. Wilson, and turning to where he had been sitting, saw him already some distance down the trail, and by this sign they knew that in the heart o their friend and chief there had lon lived the love of the hills that had s lately come to them.

This department is specially designed to interest our feminine readers, and is under the direction of "Kit" (Mrs. Kathleen Blake Coleman) who has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

DO NOT KISS ME

YOU might not want to, but, the Gods be thanked, I've had a full share, and overflowing . . . . . The poor Queen of Spain, who ticketed her children with a card bearing the above heading in Spanish, is being abused by those Spaniards who think that nothing good ever came out of old England. And now it is related that kissing is going out of fashion! Again, thank the fates for that good measure of mine! If some high mightiness or other interdicted wearing shoes, some snobs would be found to go barefoot. Kissing, however, will always be indulged in by at least the Common People. Dean Swift opined that it was some fool that invented kissing. The pity of it was that the Dean had not had more of it to sweeten his melancholy days and soften the nib of his pen. Be assured that Eve invented the kiss, for a peach of a thing like that must have come straight from Paradise. Job kissed in his day, no doubt; at least he knew about it. The Greeks loved it—even Plato—that cold soul on whose philosophic nature we have grafted a tepid nothing—between love and friendship—which we dub Platonic—declared that in the act of kissing his soul slipped from its bodily casing in an ecstacy of bliss.

Somebody related that kissing was so beloved of the Greeks that many jealous husbands, in order to insure the good conduct of their wives, made them eat onions before leaving them for the day's work. Foolish men! As though even garlic would not resolve itself into some heavenly essence before the tempting of a red lip! The one race passed on the good thing to another, and so on until the shores of England and Scotland were reached —(the Irish learned kissing long before from the Fairies)—and it was a beautiful Dane, Rowena by name, who taught them. I do not think, however, they ever learned it as thoroughly as have other races. The French and Italian kiss with noise and rhapsody in public, to the horror of the English tourist, who thinks that sort of thing vulgar in the extreme.

Could we live without kissing? Yes,

but would life be worth the living? Could Mother resist kissing her wee man when he ran to her with the cut finger or the bruised toe, the tears streaking the dirt on his little face? Or could she—did you—refrain from kissing Baby's little curled pink palm, or her darling wee fat toes? And do you not kiss—as you do the bride—the quiet pale lips of your adored dead? As there is nothing more tender than the mother's kiss to her babe, or more exquisitely passionate than the kiss of young love, so there is no act we perform in life so poignant, more despairing, more lonely than is our last kiss of all, our "good-bye" for ever on this earth, to one beloved and most dear. Then, indeed, in that sad moment—so frequent in our daily human lives—we need all that may be of faith and hope to grasp at with our feeble hands, that we may believe and lean on the thought that this, indeed, is not the last parting—that some golden day of meeting is coming unseen beyond the gray horizon which rims our curious little lives.

Of kissing lore there is no end. You will die an old maid (and you might meet a worse fate) dear girl, if when you kiss Him, you get a hair in your mouth, so see to it that he be a beardless youth, and that your own locks are well snooded.

Anyone who manages to kiss the bride before the fond husband performs this marital duty will meet with good luck for a year.

If I were you, sweet maid, and nearing forty, I would let a man of dark complexion salute me, for after it a proposal cometh.

A bride should be careful in kissing babies for reasons that I may not here explain, but two brides who kiss at their first meeting after marriage will bring each other much happiness. When you kiss a friend, and after him another, do not kiss back again your first friend lest you bring him bad luck. You see, there are kisses and kisses—good and bad, but the wickedest kiss of all is that given between married people who are not wedded to one another. That is the Forbidden Kiss which waltzes you into a Divorce Court.

The Queen of Spain had the small card against kissing pinned to the clothing of her little sons and her daughter, in order that they might not receive disease or infection through osculation, and when the English nurse snatched the little Princess Beatriz from the wife of one of the Palace gardeners, the old dame was amazed and affronted. She had kissed many royal children—why not those of the English Queen? One is glad to read that hearing the story the day after King Alfonzo, who knows his people and who has the fine tact of his race, took the baby in his arms and himself presented her to the old wife to kiss, and kisses rained on the peach-like little face. The dame was appeased, blessed God and King and Small Princess and departed in peace.

> Drink to me only with thine eyes
> And I will pledge with mine;
> Or leave a kiss within the cup
> And I'll not ask for wine.

We have so many tears in the world! Why deprive it of kisses? Not I, for one. "We begin existence with a kiss," says a writer, "and we depart from it with a kiss: our little life is rounded with a kiss." And, perhaps, you who read remember above all the tears and sighs of your life the rapturous moment of one divine kiss.

. . . . . .

MY CORONATION

I AM NOT sorry to have missed the Coronation. One such spectacle is enough for a lifetime, and Queen Victoria's Jubilee was as great a sight as far as a procession goes as any Coronation. If you were there, dear sister, you would not see the crowning, and would be lucky if you enjoyed a seat along the line of march. Besides which, that day of the old Queen was more inspiring than a dozen Coronations of comparatively young people. I rode in the Coronation Coach all the same along with a small boy who for the moment was Prince of Wales. We had been visiting by "the gracious permission of the Master of the Horse, the Duke of Portland"—so ran the card—the stables of the Queen and Royal Family, and had spent much time with the famous Flemish horses which drew

the royal carriage on public occasions. We studied their coats, in colour like pink milk, their Roman noses, and fat polished quarters. They have wicked eyes and strong teeth, and will bite anyone who goes near enough—so "the Queen's Groom" told us. He was a neat little fellow, with a cocked eyebrow—a pocket edition of Sam Weller with not a little of that cheery old chap's blessed humour, and it was this, I think, and perhaps the awed look in a child's eyes which made him open the doors of the heavy old Coronation Coach, let down the steps and invite us to enter.

"It has been to four Coronations," he said, "and you can stay as long as you like."

Whereupon he bundled the steps in after us, slapped the door to with a thunderous crack, and left us to our meditations. Four Coronations! the last of them that of the little aged Queen we had seen but a few days before going in procession through the great city. Kings George the Third and Fourth had sat here; the coach must have been built somewhere about the year 1761, and cost $17,000. William the Fourth also went to Westminster in this coach, and last of all, Queen Victoria. Probably her son, Edward Prince of Wales, would go to the great Abbey in it, there to be invested with his sovereign robes! As we sat quietly with lowered blinds pages of English history were unrolled. All in a moment we remembered we were Queen (notice the august plural) and sat very straight in the dim coach that outside was so golden, so laden with crimson velvet hammercloth and gold fringed trappings. It was a royal moment. But the inevitable happened. The small boy got tired of playing Prince of Wales, and clamoured, drumming his stout Canadian heels, to be let out, till the little groom came to the rescue.

"I'd rather be Dick Turpin, so I would," remarked the young gentleman as he and his mother turned out through the big gates, "an' I'd hold the Queen's Coach up with my rewolewer, so I would."

"IT HAS BEEN TO FOUR CORONATIONS," SAID HE, OPENING THE DOOR, "AND YOU CAN STAY AS LONG AS YOU LIKE"

A nice remark for the Prince of Wales, surely!

WHY OLD LADIES?

"ARE there any old ladies left now-a-days?" anxiously queries a writer of the year 1855, and to-day people are asking the same question and deploring that all the old ladies long ago vanished—played by some Pied Piper into the hills of Everlasting Youth. Now the answer to the query is simple. There has not been for a long time—since our grandmother died—an old lady anywhere, and there never will be any more. Just as soon as we cease to be the Lillian Russells and Langtrys we think we are, which is not for a long, long time, we retire to the College of Beauty Culture and Massage, throw off our old skin—like snakes—and emerge younger and fresher Lillies than ever—quite virginal in fact, and dance our merry way again, stealing our daughters' beaux and wearing grand-daughterly bows in our ever-abundant mock hair. We should imagine, however, from the fashion prints of fifty-six years ago, and old photographs of our mothers and grand-dames that there were very many dear, and real, and delightful old ladies in those days. In fact, despite our sweeping denial of a moment ago, we know many who exist at this moment, like unplucked old roses in a sheltered corner of Life's garden, where no rough winds may reach them to scatter their fragrant petals—ladies whose soft old cheeks were never desecrated by paint or powder, whose silver hair was never violated by dyes. Tears they have known—perhaps many more than smiles—but they have been the dews that kept alive those human roses which even though they fade, do so with a slow and exquisite daintiness.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH IS THE BEAUTY SHOP. WITH ITS AID WE GO ON FOREVER STEALING OUR DAUGHTERS' BEAUX AND WEARING GRAND-DAUGHTERLY BOWS IN OUR EVER-ABUNDANT MOCK HAIR

MODERN EDEN

EVE never really left the Garden of Eden. She merely changed the name of her abode to suit her mood of the moment, calling it Kingdom of La Mode, Fashion Mart, Fur or Jewellery Shop, or Millinery Emporium just as required at the minute. Of late Departmental Store is the Eden's name since most of the things which Eve adores (and Adam at bill-time deplores) are to be found there. When Eve made a ceinture of the fig leaf, she invented the first "fashion," and her daughters have gone on ever since, now increasing, now decreasing, from crinoline to harem. It would be indeed difficult to recognize the tender little fig leaf as the originator of the bouncing hoops of our great-grandmother's times. In fact, the hobble came nearest to it, in dimensions at any rate.

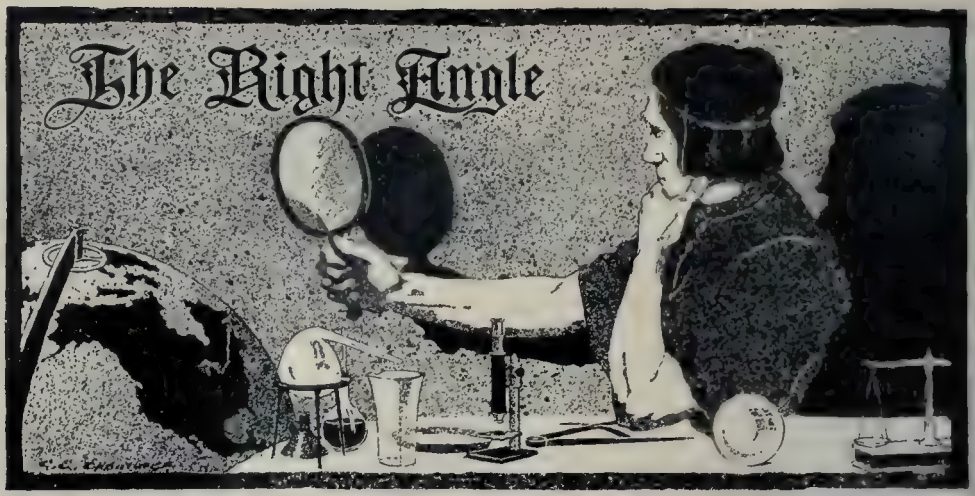
Eve is continually reaching out to seek that particular novelty which is beyond her reach, just as she did the apple before she discovered that disobedience was a sin. Only her appetite has changed. Instead of apples, her desire is the latest thing in the land of smart styles. Just now it is harems, helmets and ear-rings, and what else the anonymous Deity every woman adores decrees for the summer. La Mode, like Bernhardt and Patti, is forever uttering last cries—farewells. The *dernier cri*, once beloved of fashion writers, has been hustled to the cellar, where at times it groans dismally through the medium of country newspapers, and sends modest school-teachers borrowing French dictionaries. "Chic," usually pronounced "chick," has likewise departed, let us hope to a perennial hen-roost.

To return whence we came—to Mother Eve—ever since the day she bit into the apple, for which always Man bitterly reproaches her, she has kept company with her Serpent. That insinuating and sinuous chap simply changed himself into the bland exhibitor of velvet, satins, diamonds, furs and false teeth, and has accompanied her through the ages. Instead of loitering behind the fateful apple tree, he lurks behind the counters, where he smirks and smiles and lures her to Adam's undoing with his sheen of silk and glitter of jewels.

Adam's mistake was that he got married. Had he remained a bachelor neither you or I would be where we are and "Ne Temere" would not be upsetting the priests and parsons, to say nothing of our being, perhaps, better off to-day on some smoother going planet than old earth. Adam's wife came from his side and earned the first pair of new gloves by kissing him awake—that's where we got the legend. To be sure, she has often left his side since and aired him and his doings in the Divorce Court—all mainly because she will not dispense with that Serpent either as lover or mercer.

EVE NEVER REALLY LEFT THE GARDEN OF EDEN. SHE MERELY CHANGED THE NAME OF HER ABODE TO SUIT THE MOOD OF THE MOMENT

One reason why husbands obey their wives is because they keep the weak example of Adam in mind. He ate the apple when she told him to do it, and he has never got over it since.



THE SAILOR KING

ALTHOUGH he comes to the throne this month with the stateliest ceremony in the world, to rule over a great and powerful people; although cloth-of-gold and knightly spur and naked sword and all the trappings of the coronation of royalty are his, King George V. is a plain sailor-man, direct of speech to bluntness, honest and "straight" in the broadest sense of the word, and with a deep sense of responsibility towards his people.

Better than any other British King he knows his over-sea dominions. He has visited Canada, India, Australia and the red-mapped isles of the sea. He has seen the wide prairies of Canada and the line of the new-cut rail, has trod the wharves of the windy ports of New South Wales and watched the golden kowhai blooms fall at the temple gates of Hindustan. He knows for himself that Great Britain is wider than from Bristol to the Thames.

What he will do for the Empire—the Empire that is not compassed by the British Isles—is yet to see. But in George V., the "Sailor King," his subjects have a great faith and a loyalty that will endure.

EAVESDROPPING

THE Ottawa Lady, who is a pleasant person and a friend of CANADA MONTHLY, did a bit of innocent eavesdropping not long ago, and presently thereafter we received a letter.

"In the car the other day," she wrote gaily, "I had a copy of CANADA MONTHLY, reading snatches here and there. My attention was caught by hearing a man, probably a member—I did not know him—say to a friend, 'You see that magazine?' The friend saw it, and said so. 'Well, sir,' said the man, 'I remember the time when no one ever heard of it; and now no one is ignorant about it. It is the clearest case of running to the top I ever saw.'

"That warms the cockles of your frozen editorial heart, eh?"

It isn't every day that an editor gets a spontaneous, unawares compliment such as that unknown man in the Ottawa car paid CANADA MONTHLY, and we want to thank both the Ottawa Lady and the author of the compliment for a most welcome bit of appreciation.

PRYING BEHIND THE VEIL

"PROPHECY Post-Israel" is the heading under which CANADA MONTHLY is about to publish a series of three articles, in which W. D. Eaton undertakes to show that prophecy is still an active quantity in the world. They will be given as written without approval or disapproval of the views expressed or the evidences advanced. In his introductory note the author says:

> The orthodox religionist accepts prophecy as basic to his faith, resting everything upon what the prophets of Israel gave out. The most advanced thinker admits its possibility.

KING GEORGE V., THE SAILOR KING

as part of a new understanding, now forming. The vast majority, occupying space between these, believe in it because they want to, that want being a blind expression of a deeply implanted sense of superior things, common to human kind. I will show that the power of prophecy is extant still, as it has been since man emerged upon the plane of superanimal thought.

It is a curious field, more than any other inclusive of all shades and qualities of mind. It is my purpose to disclose its three main

divisions, beginning with that which takes in the baser forms, passing to the next higher and less spurious, and going on to the last we can know anything about so long as we are cumbered with flesh.

The subject is serious. Though its least worthy sides have grotesque lights which I cannot blink, its final consideration approaches the realm of immortal things, and here we must tread with caution, if not with reverence.

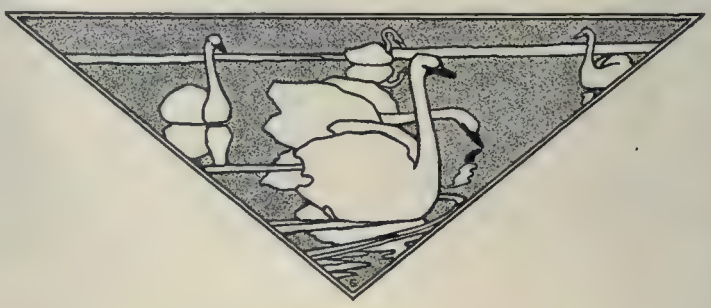
I mean to cite definite instances of prophecy fulfilled. In doing that, I will use dates, and names of places and people. Should question arise as to any of these, I will be prepared to answer.

Whatever judgment may finally be passed upon them, the articles are certain to create wide interest, because whether the position taken be right or wrong, the thought back of it goes home to the inmost heart and aspiration of every living man and woman. What does the future hold for any of us? Can it be known? These are universal questions. Quackery offers some answers, faith offers others. Setting both aside, these articles purport to give a limited affirmative by showing that within bounds and by purely natural means, prophecy is still available in the individual case.

CANADA MONTHLY has no propaganda in respect of that affirmation. The articles may speak for themselves. But it can be said that their attitude and method are unlike anything in other writings on the same or similar subjects. They have a curious mixture of serious thought with broad comedy, and are free from rhapsody. There is plenty of that interest which attaches to all biography, and to whatever assumes a dealing with the unseen or argues the conscious individual existence. People who are attached to what is known as spiritualism will probably resent the rejection of that body of phenomena, and orthodox churchmen may or may not approve the application made of their tenets, but the thesis is at least dispassionate, free from dogmatism, and backed by instances of personal experience which are altogether out of the common, and sometimes startling, and these are given with singular unreserve.

Mr. Eaton is best known to the readers of CANADA MONTHLY as the creator of that lovable liar, the Old Circus Man. In this new series he remains a narrator, but enters a field of wider range and deeper signfiicance. The people in his illustrative episodes are presented as actual, and occupying many stations. Between a dingy card reader in a back street, an Indian in the country of the Great Slave Lake, the inventor of the linotype machine, and an ambassador of the United States to the foremost court of Europe, there are wide spaces, variously filled by some who skulk in shadows, and others who stand in the very high lights of world affairs. Nearly all are introduced by name. This is daring much, for it invites serious censure if facts are misstated—a risk the author takes squarely upon his own shoulders.

The articles will appear consecutively, in the three months beginning with July.



THINGS happen rapidly in Hungary. At least as pictured in "The Seven Sisters," which Edith Ellis has adapted from the Hungarian of Ferenzc Berczeg, they are as bewildering as those mad glimpses of gorges and deserts that one snatches while the loop-the-loop hurtles on its screaming way. Vitalized by Charles Cherry, and visualized by Laurette Taylor, the play has never an idle moment, and the players seem to spin through their parts as though they had had a hypodermic of strychnine.

Laurette Taylor of the wicked laugh has the part of Mici, enfant terrible and fourth daughter of Mrs. Gyurkovicz, whose seven unmarried girls are her despair; and Charles Cherry, in the person of Count Feri Horkoy, is the enterprising officer who must marry off Katinka, Sari and Ella before he may woo Mici, who in knee-length pinafore and bristling braids is "allowed only fourteen-and-a-half" by her match-making mother. Indignant Mici, translated from seventeen and a boarding-school to this tragic age, shrewdly conspires with Count Feri to get rid of the older girls, incidentally holding his love-making at arm's length in an experienced way that contrasts absurdly with her abbreviated petticoats. How their plans succeed, and the count wins the hoyden in a lovable little scene at the last is, as we observed above, too swift for exact recollection. Besides, we laughed too much.

Miss Taylor's handling of serious moments shows a decided improvement over last year, when in "The Girl in Waiting," her comedy was much above her sober scenes. In Mici, however, she has a better part than in her previous vehicle, and if she would tone down a tendency to over-boisterousness, would improve an already charming presentation of a wilful and lovable tomboy. Mr. Cherry gives his usual smooth and finished performance, and is a most convincing conspirator, and the cast is pleasantly well-balanced and capable. Altogether, "The Seven Sisters" is one of the hits of the season.

Since the arrival of "Pommery Sec." as the irreverent have dubbed Russell Pomeroy Colt, Jr., Ethel Barrymore has taken on a matronly appearance that seems hard to connect with the willowy actress, whom matinee-girls have so long adored. But if her figure has suffered, her acting has developed a depth and power and range that establishes her as one of the foremost actresses on the American stage. She is no longer "just herself"—a pleasing personality about whom plays are built, trimmed off a little here and added to there in order to make it easier for her to display her own character—but she has learned how to enter into other people's souls and hang up her own self

LINA ABARBANELL, THE VIENNESE CREATOR OF THE PART OF "SONIA" IN "THE MERRY WIDOW," WHO IS STARRING THIS YEAR IN "MADAME SHERRY"

RUTH ST. DENIS, A MISTRESS OF POSE, WHO HAS CONCEIVED AND STAGED A REMARKABLE SERIES OF EGYPTIAN DANCES THIS SEASON

[LAURETTE TAYLOR, CO-STAR WITH CHARLES CHERRY IN "THE SEVEN SISTERS," IN WHICH SHE HAS THE PART OF A WILFUL, CLEVER HOYDEN

ETHEL BARRYMORE IS REVIVING TWO OF HER RECENT SUCCESSES, "MID-CHANNEL" AND "ALICE SIT-BY-THE-FIRE" THIS YEAR, WITH BARRIE'S "THE TWELVE-POUND LOOK" AS A TEASER

BYRON BEASLEY'S VISUALIZATION OF "THE FOX," A CONVINCING CHARACTER PART IN LEE ARTHUR'S COMEDY-DRAMA

in the closet for the time, like an unseasonable gown.

In "The Twelve-Pound Look," she portrays the wife of a successful London barrister, who could not endure the fleshly presence of her husband and his jowled friends. She bought a typewriter, which cost her twelve pounds, and drew a long breath of freedom. The barrister married again, and at the most successful moment of his successful career, when he is about to be knighted, the first wife reappears as a typist. He has always believed she left him for another man. She assures him that she did not, and the curtain drops with the new wife asking the price of typewriters. The little play is a typically whimsical and philosophical Barrie conceit, where tears and laughter are bedfellows, and Miss Barrymore does justice to them both.

With "The Twelve-Pound Look," she is reviving her success of five years ago, "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," and has added much to the charm of "Alice Grey". In "Mid-Channel," her last season's vehicle, she is also renewing laurels, and it is unquestionable that her work is of the first rank in the player's world. Anyone who doubts her development from a "personality" to a true actress, should compare her portrayal of two such different characters as those of Alice Grey and Zoe Blundell, and ever after hold his peace.

It is something of a switch from the delicacy and truth of a Barrie play to "The Remittance Man," where George Fawcett handles one of the red-shirt characters which are his specialty, and the English remittance-man, so long held up as an all-round bad lot in playdom is given a chance to show himself a spunky young chap who isn't so English that he can't earn his living when put to it. There are possibilities in this situation, and we should like to see a remittance-man get his chance at a fair representation. But Gertrude Nelson Andrews doesn't do it here. At least it is only a mirrored reflection of a chance, and Fred. Tiden as "Gilbert Brockhurst" convinces one neither of his English ancestry nor his ability to make good in a thirty-dollar-a-month job. Mr. Fawcett as "Bob McKeever" has some very good moments, and some that are pretty raw, as for instance when he reads poetry aloud as an outlet for his philosophical reflections. Mary Lawton as "Mate Hubbell" offers a good impersonation of the buxom country coquette of the Audrey type.

A detective, an ex-convict, a dishonest footman, a secret safe with a combination known only to the daughter of the house, an octopuscan millionaire, and a public-spirited young lawyer who loves the millionaire's daughter and holds the traditional papers that prove her father's dishonesty, are the materials with which Leo Arthur has built a three-act melodrama. So far, it's chain-stitch of the simplest, and with his eyes shut anyone can forecast the revolver, the fainting heroine, the noble lover and the happy-ever-afterness of the last act.

But Mr. Arthur took thought and added a cubit to the stature of the play with "The Fox," who gives it its title, and is as good a character part as ever delighted the soul of an actor with an eye for humanity. As played by Byron Beasley, "The Fox" is an engaging old gentleman with Chesterfieldian manners, a shrewd practical knowledge of the art of safe-cracking, and a taste for the Scottish waters of truth. His double first at Oxford and his knowledge of Egyptology do not prevent him from having a fad—one can hardly take it more seriously—for daring burglary, and although his chimes-o'-midnight period is long past, he settles by a judicious crime the problem of the lovers, the high-finance sins of the millionaire, and his own position. Mr. Beasley plays his part with that touch of nature which instantly puts the audience en rapport with "The Fox," and John Westley handled a drunken young ne'er-do-well with cleverness.

UPPERCUT PREFERRED

HE HAD wrestled with the dusty brown article that was shyly trying to hide behind a bunch of watercress, and finally called the waiter.

"Just what is this object?" he inquired gently.

"Filet of sole, sir," explained the waiter with a bow.

"Ah!" commented the guest. "Will you kindly bring me a piece of the upper, with the buttons removed?"

THOSE UNMUZZLED SHEEP

DIGBY BELL is the Boswell of an old-timer in the theatrical world, who was a well-known agent in his day —Hanky Johnson. It was Hanky who replied "Two days ago" when Maurice Barrymore asked him if he had had breakfast. This was incorporated in a play which Nat Goodwin presented in London, and was singled out as a significant specimen of American wit.

Johnson became a habit for a group that hung out in the old Morton House, New York, in the days when actors were engaged on the sidewalk and in Union Square. A rich man with a love of fun was captivated by Johnson's company and invited him to spend a couple of weeks with him at his country place on Long Island. There were times of uncertainty for Johnson, but he was touchy about his affairs and declined.

The rich man realized the situation and repeated the invitation, this time suggesting that his guest might make himself useful, and, in a spirit of banter, named the obligation of watching the sheep from twelve to one o'clock.

"I had to pass it up, Digby," said Johnson in confidence later. "I wouldn't have minded if he had asked me to wash the windows or cut the lawn."

"I can't see why it wouldn't be a pretty soft job watching the sheep for an hour," Bell observed.

"Sheep always bite me," said Hanky.

THEY'D TELL BILL

A SAD-EYED man fastened George Dunleavy, box office man and humorist. "Do you think it would be right for two women, both in mourning, to go to the theatre?" he asked.

Mr. Dunleavy said it would be commendable.

The sad-eyed man appeared pleased.

"Give me two aisle seats for two women in mourning." Mr. Dunleavy dished them out. The sad-eyed man shook his head doubtfully. "It doesn't seem just proper to me," he said, "but I s'pose in this case it is all right. You see"—and he lapsed into confidences—"all our folks are Spiritualists, and my brother-in-law Bill died the other day. Now, Bill, he always wanted to see this show of yours. He talked about it just a day or two before he passed out, and so his wife and my wife, they kind of figured they'd come and see the show and then tell Bill about it."